FAMILIAR SONGS OF THE GOSPEL

SONGS THAT WE KNOW AND LOVE TO SING.

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THREE GREAT TRACTS.

"BUY YOUR OW... nteresting tem-
perance argu... o forsake the
drink habit a...
"CRIPPLE TOM... top floor of a
miserable Lo...
"THE MISSING ...lly good man,
who arose on... people of the
town had di... mber of other
"morally goo... unprepared for
the coming o...
Sample copies, t...

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HORACE HAY

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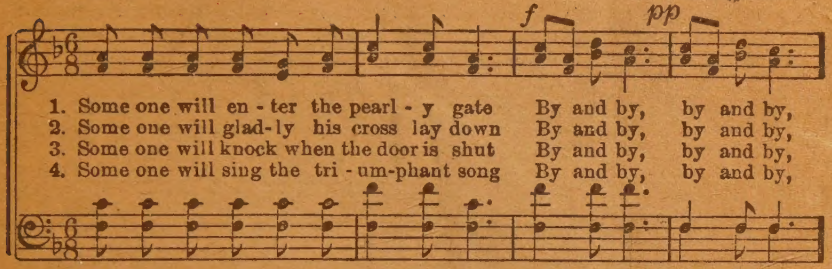
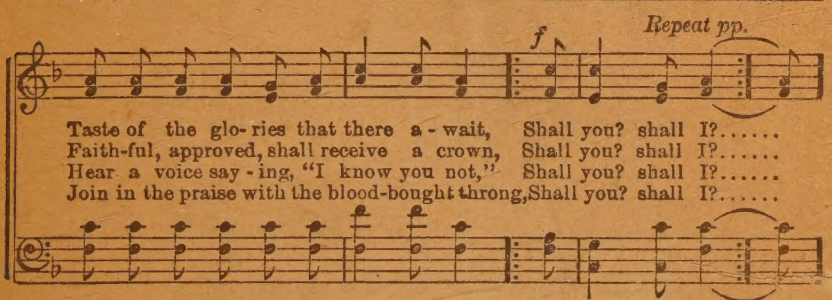
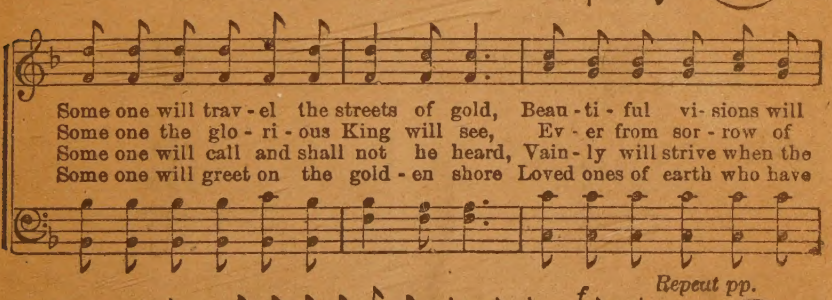
Familiar Songs of the Gospel.

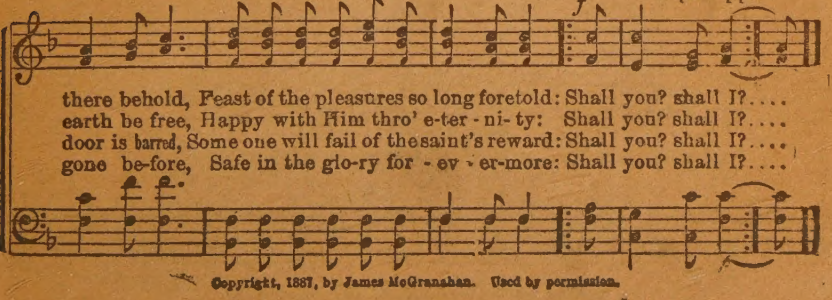
1 Shall You? Shall I?

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.


f
pp
1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad-ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - um-phant song By and by, by and by,


Repeat pp.
f
Taste of the glo-ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?.....
Faith-ful, approved, shall receive a crown, Shall you? shall I?.....
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?.....
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?.....


Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vi- sions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not he heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have


Repeat pp.
f
there behold, Feast of the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?....
earth be free, Happy with Him thro' e-ter - ni- ty: Shall you? shall I?....
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?....
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo-ry for - ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?....

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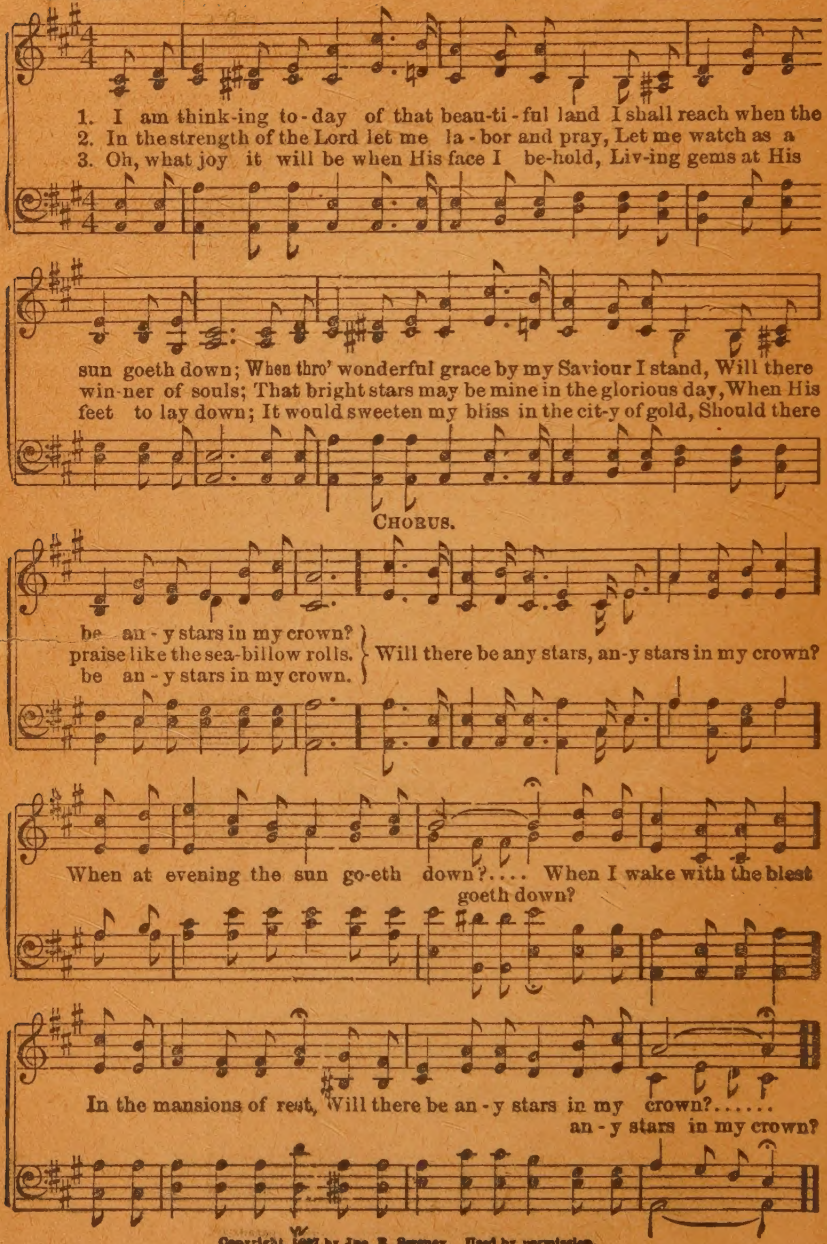
Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
Chorus.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown.
Will there be any stars, an-y stars in my crown?
When at evening the sun go-eth down?.... When I wake with the blest
goeth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

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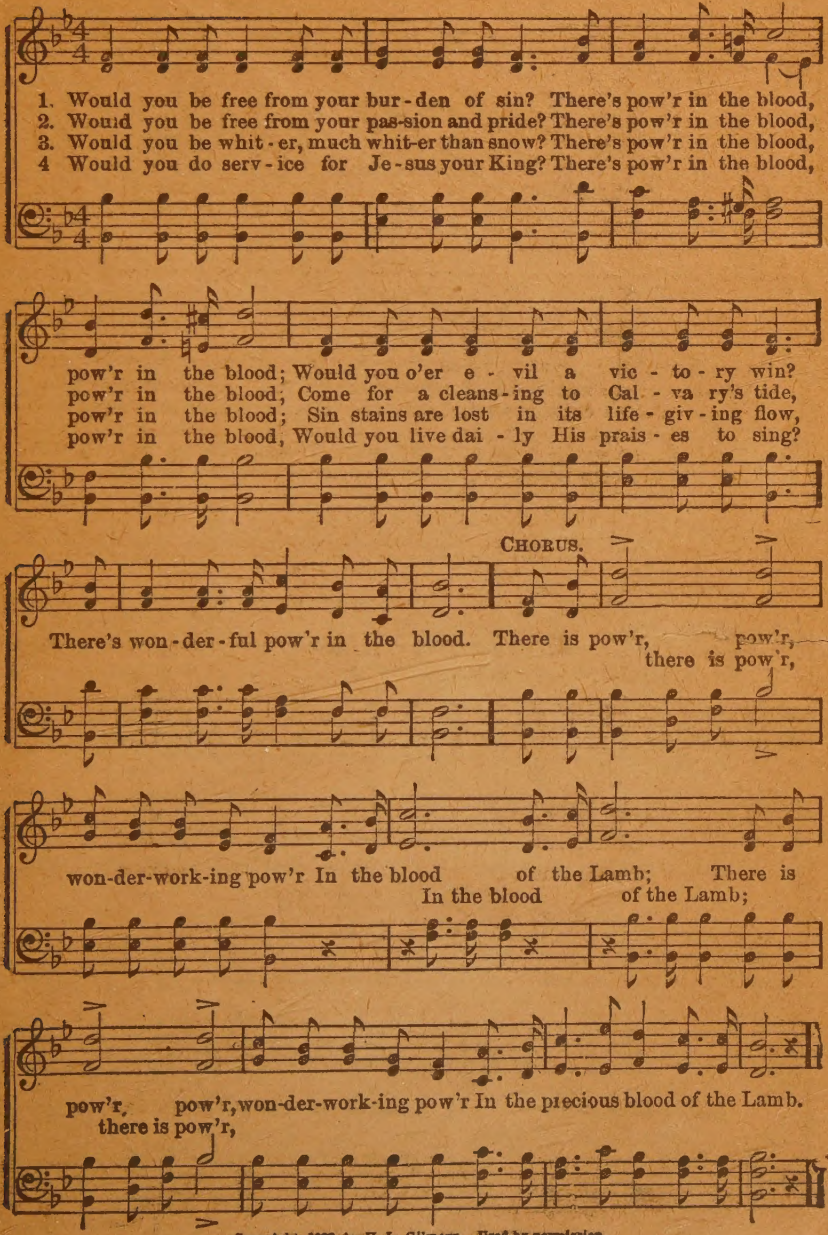
3 There Is Power In the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4 Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood, Would you live dai-ly His prais-es to sing?
Chorus.
There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, there is pow'r,
won-der-work-ing pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, won-der-work-ing pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb. there is pow'r,

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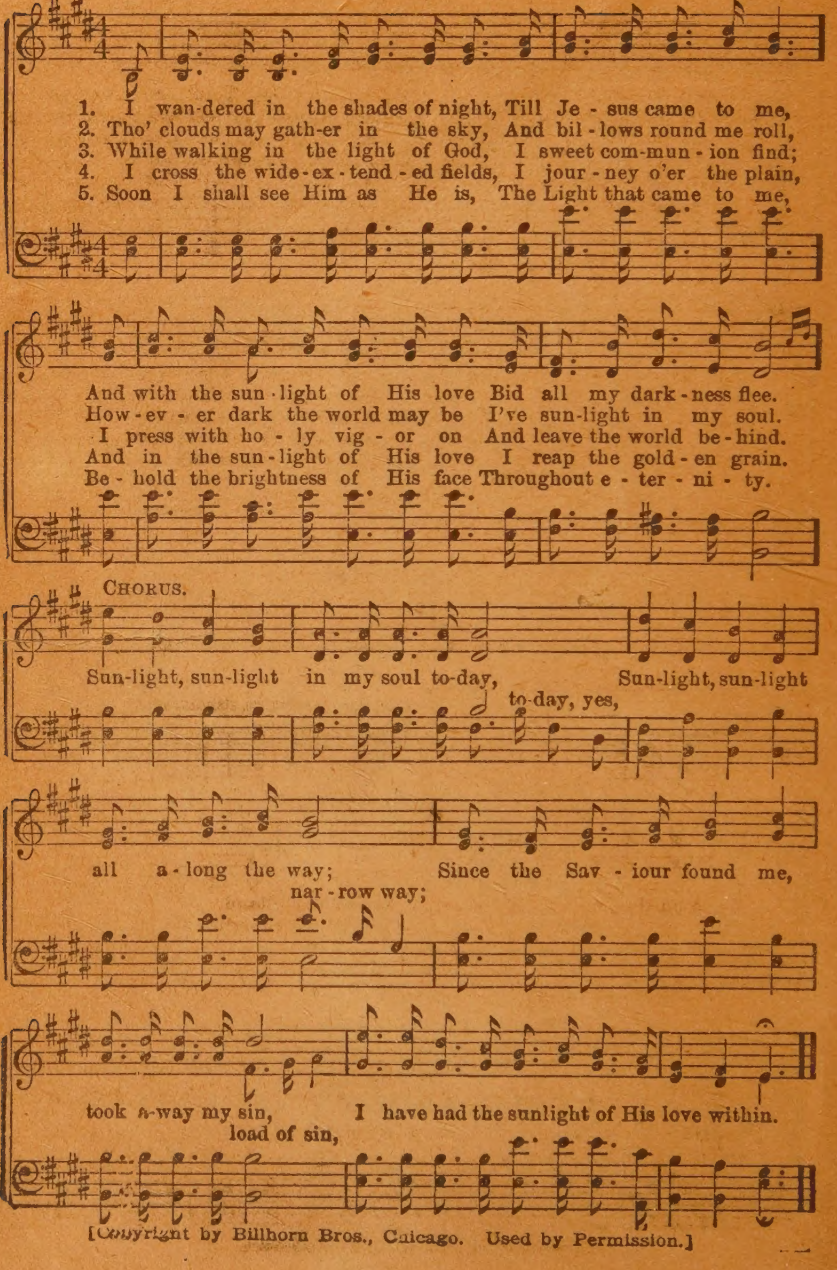
Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.


1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet com-mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide-ex-tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.
Chorus.
Sun-light, sun-light in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light
to-day, yes,
all a - long the way; Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way;
took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,

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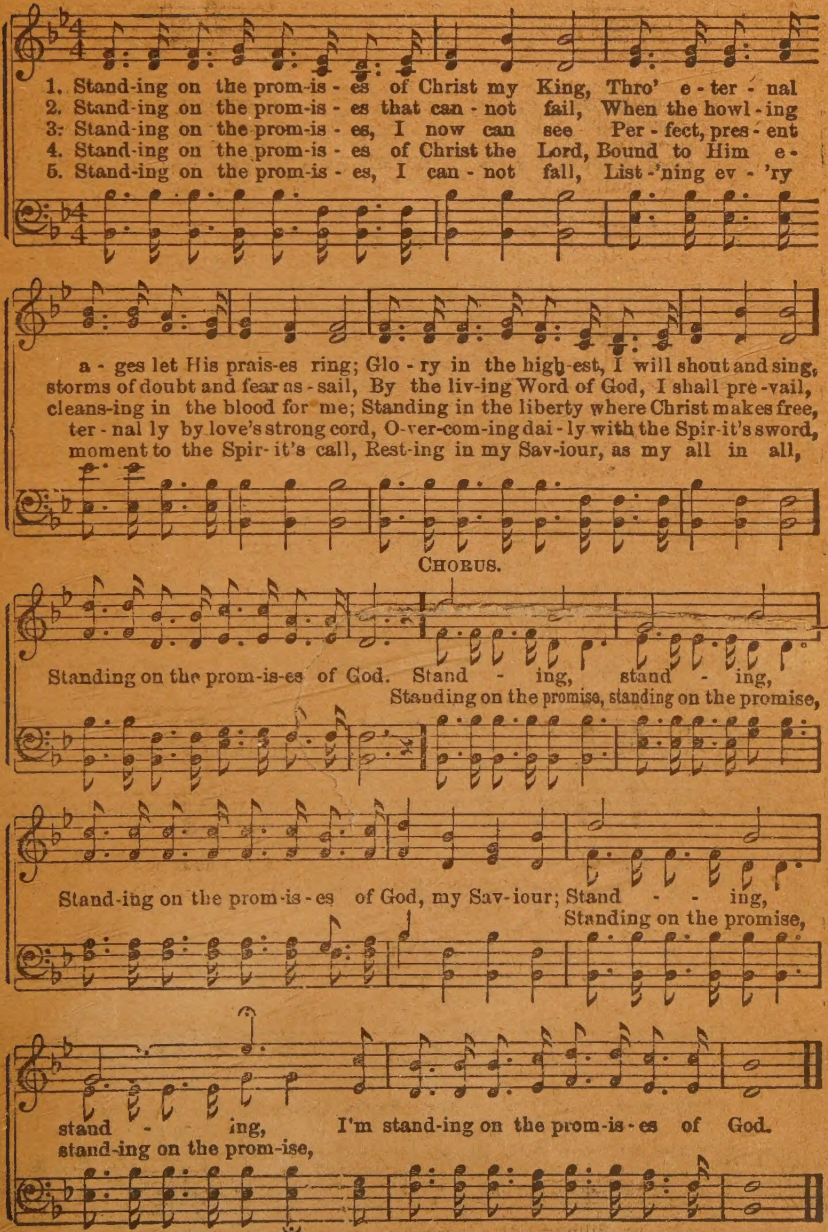
Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I can - not fall, List -'ning ev - 'ry
a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing Word of God, I shall pre - vail,
cleans-ing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter - nal ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
moment to the Spir- it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,
Chorus.
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promise, standing on the promise,
Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God, my Sav-iour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promise,
stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand-ing on the prom-ise,

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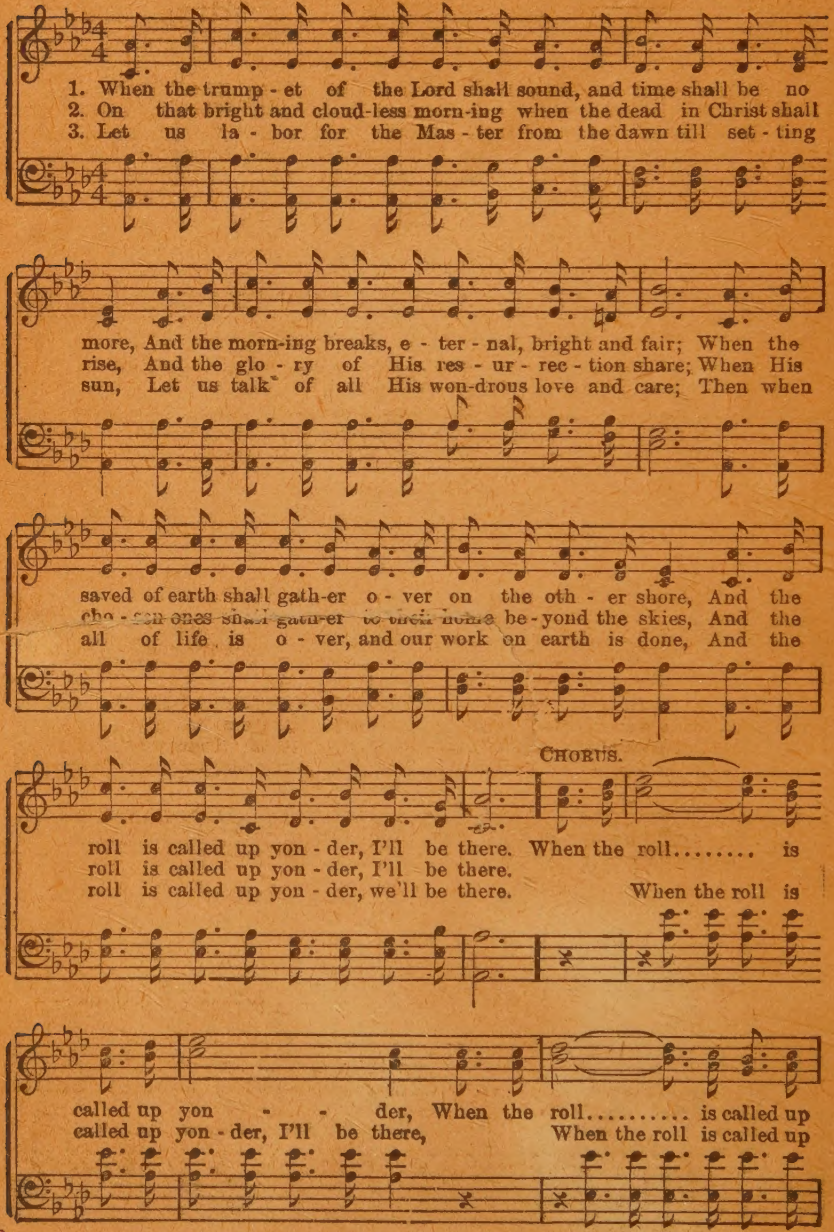
6 When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trump - et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when
CHORUS.
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the roll.....
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

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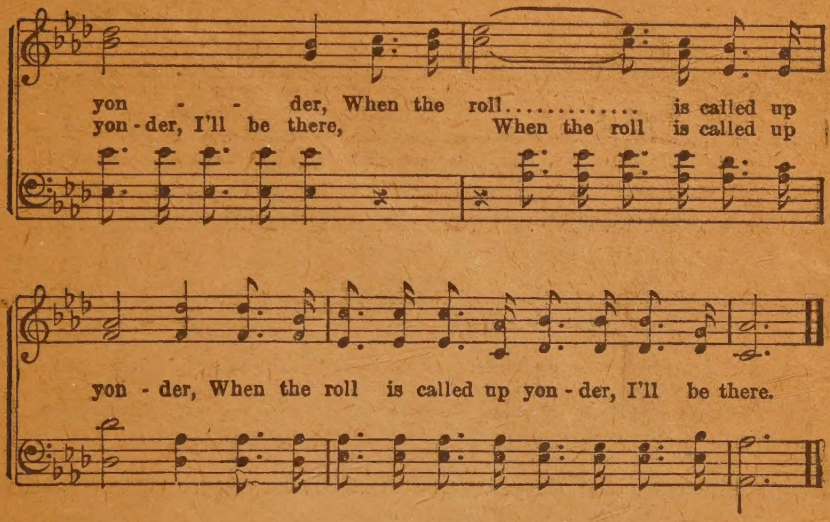
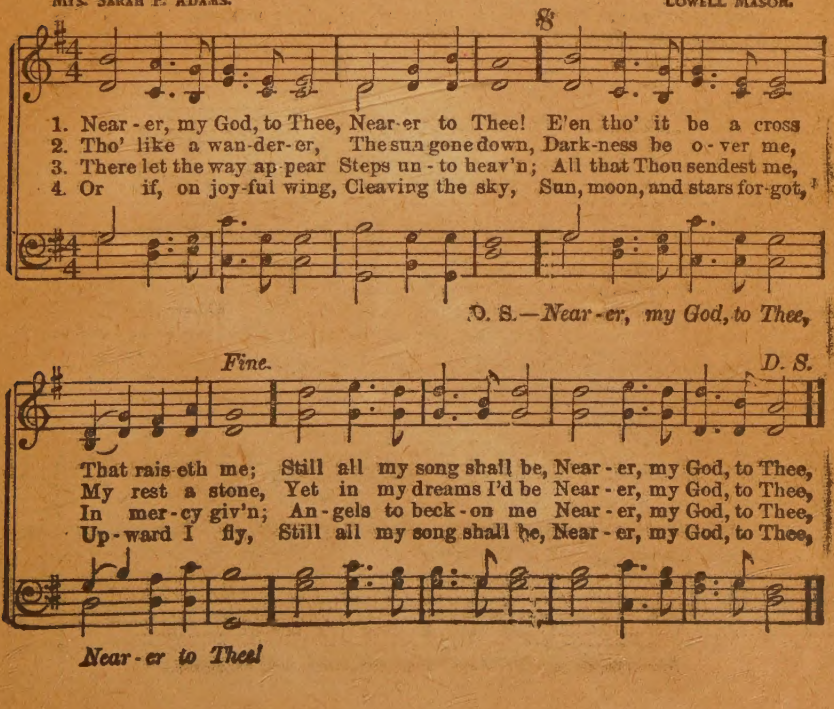
When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder—Concluded.


yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

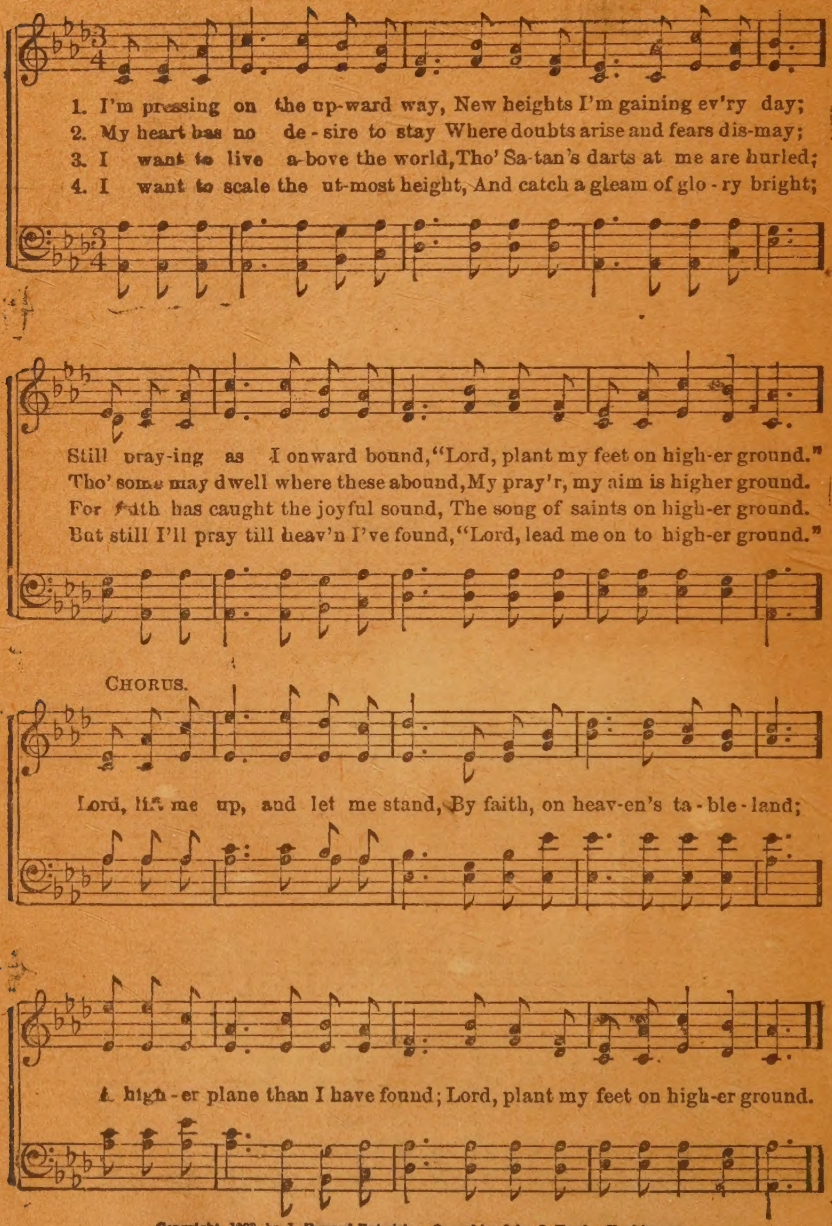
7 Nearer, My God, to Thee!

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


8
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Fine.
D. S.
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee!

Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up, and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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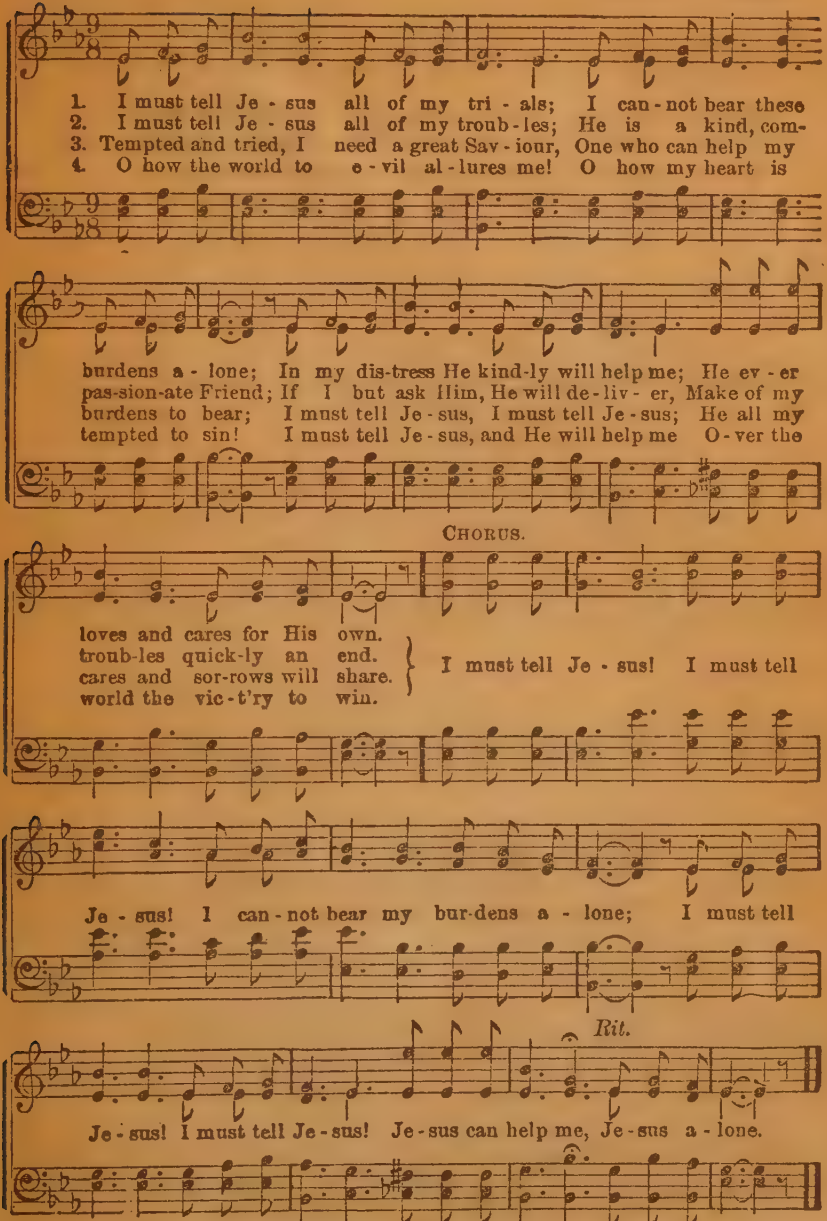
I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
burdens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the
Chorus.
loves and cares for His own.
troub-les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic-t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

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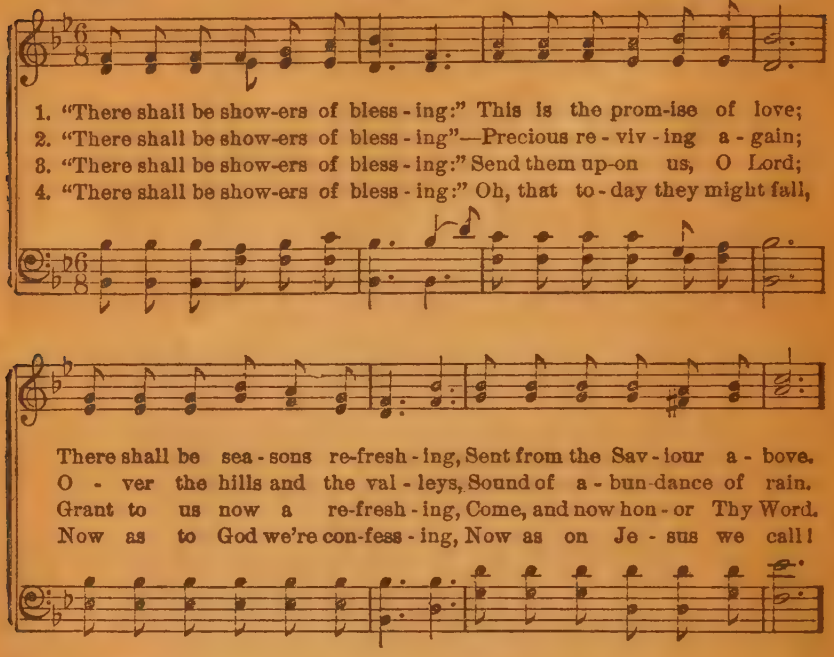
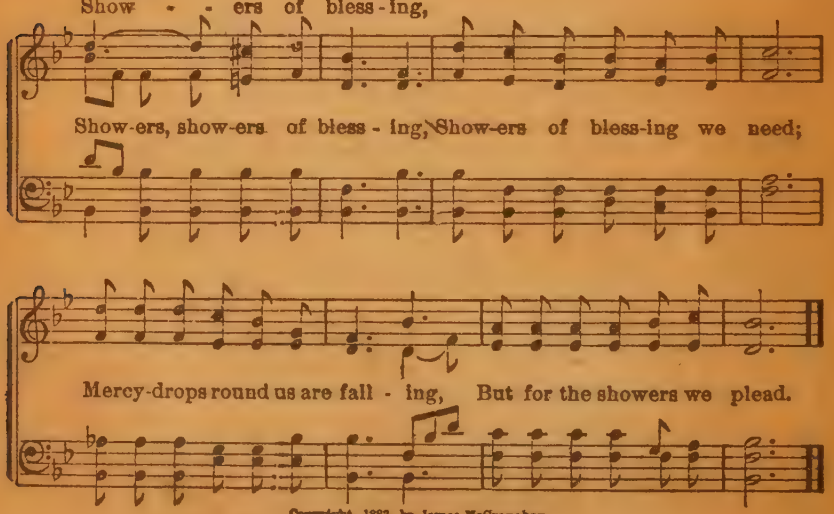
10 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

EL NATHAN. EZEK. 34: 26. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing"—Precious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
There shall be sea - sons re-fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!

CHORUS.


Show - - ers of bless - ing,
Show-ers, show-ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Mercy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the showers we plead.

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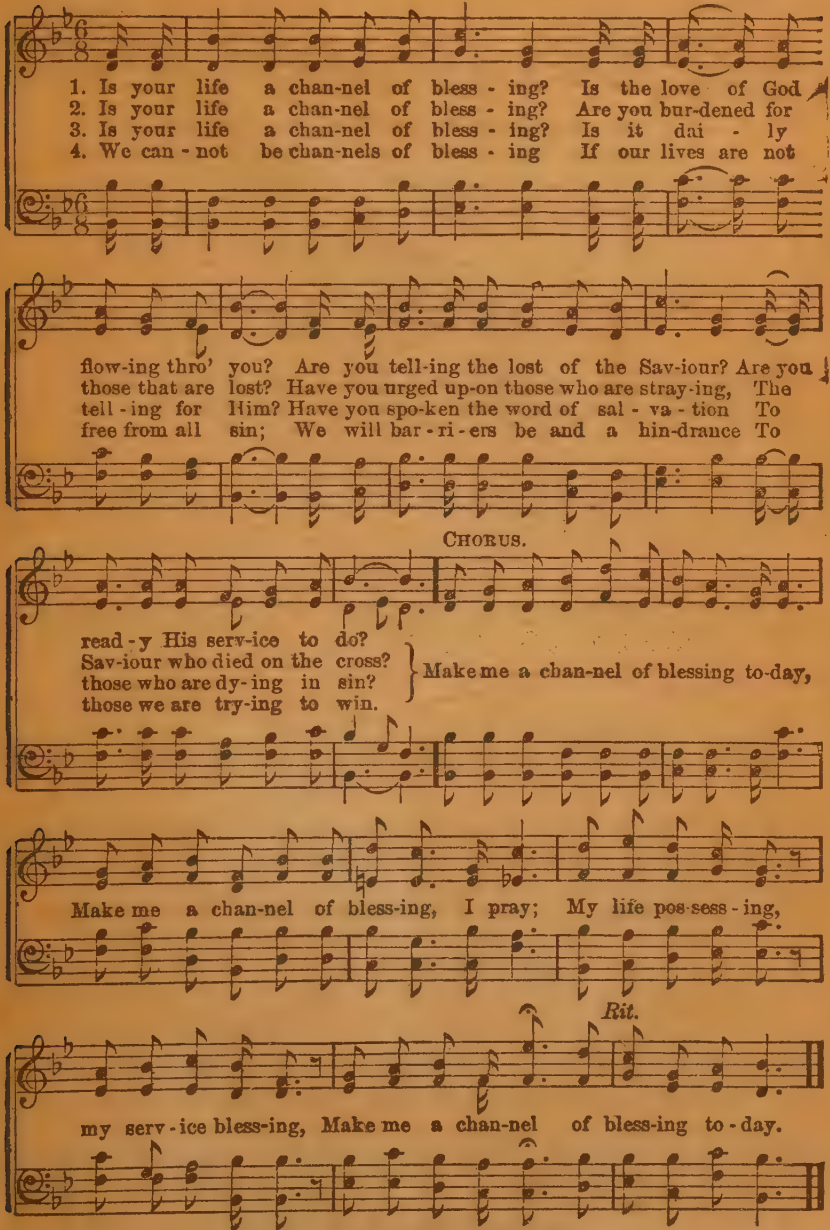
11 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. H. G. Smyth.


1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur-dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can - not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-iour? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
tell - ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin-drance To
Chorus.
read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav-iour who died on the cross?
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.
Make me a chan-nel of blessing to-day,
Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess - ing,
Rit.
my serv - ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to - day.

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In a Little While We're Going Home.

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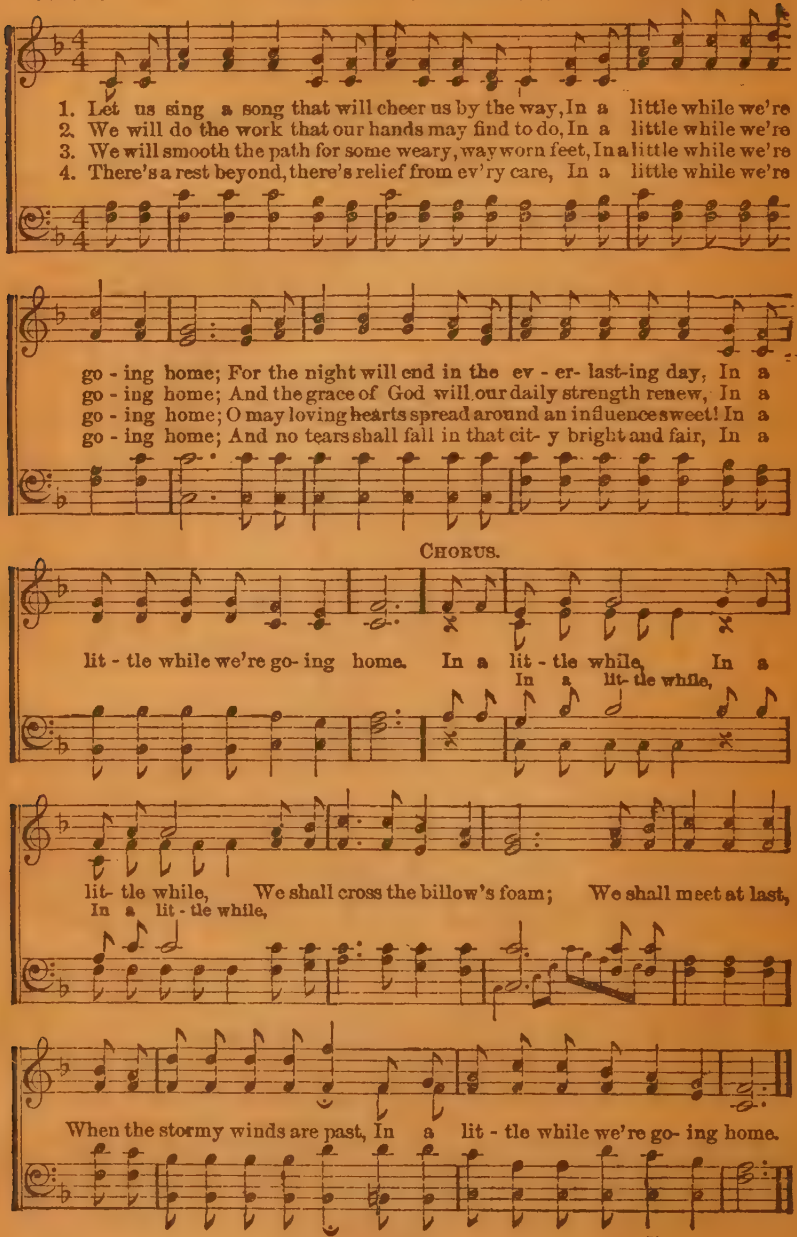
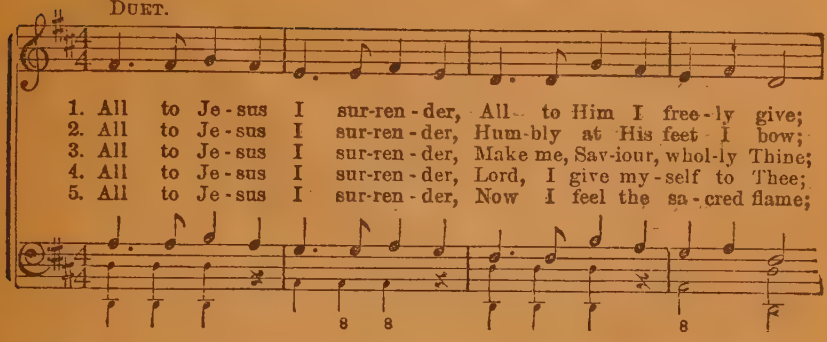
E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.

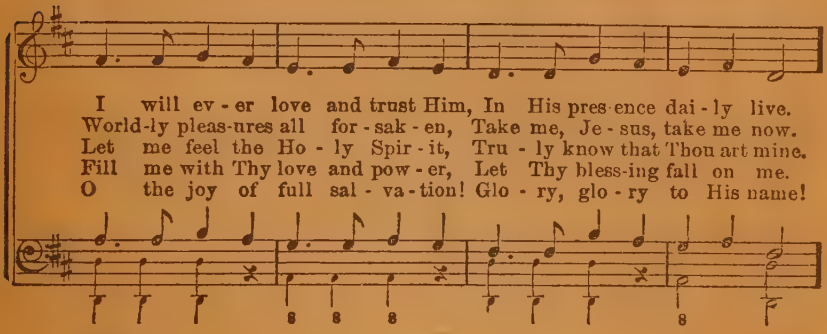

1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a little while we're
2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a little while we're
3. We will smooth the path for some weary, way worn feet, In a little while we're
4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from ev'ry care, In a little while we're
go - ing home; For the night will end in the ev - er- last-ing day, In a
go - ing home; And the grace of God will our daily strength renew, In a
go - ing home; O may loving hearts spread around an influence sweet! In a
go - ing home; And no tears shall fall in that cit- y bright and fair, In a
Chorus.
lit - tle while we're go- ing home. In a lit - tle while, In a
In a lit- tle while,
lit- tle while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last,
In a lit - tle while,
When the stormy winds are past, In a lit - tle while we're go- ing home.

I Surrender All.

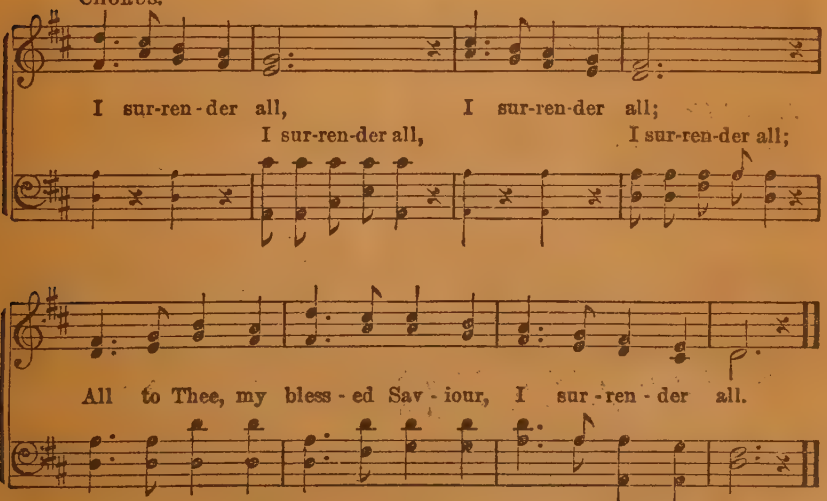
J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

Duet.


1. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;
2. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol-ly Thine;
4. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my-self to Thee;
5. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;


I will ev-er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live.
World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to His name!

Chorus.



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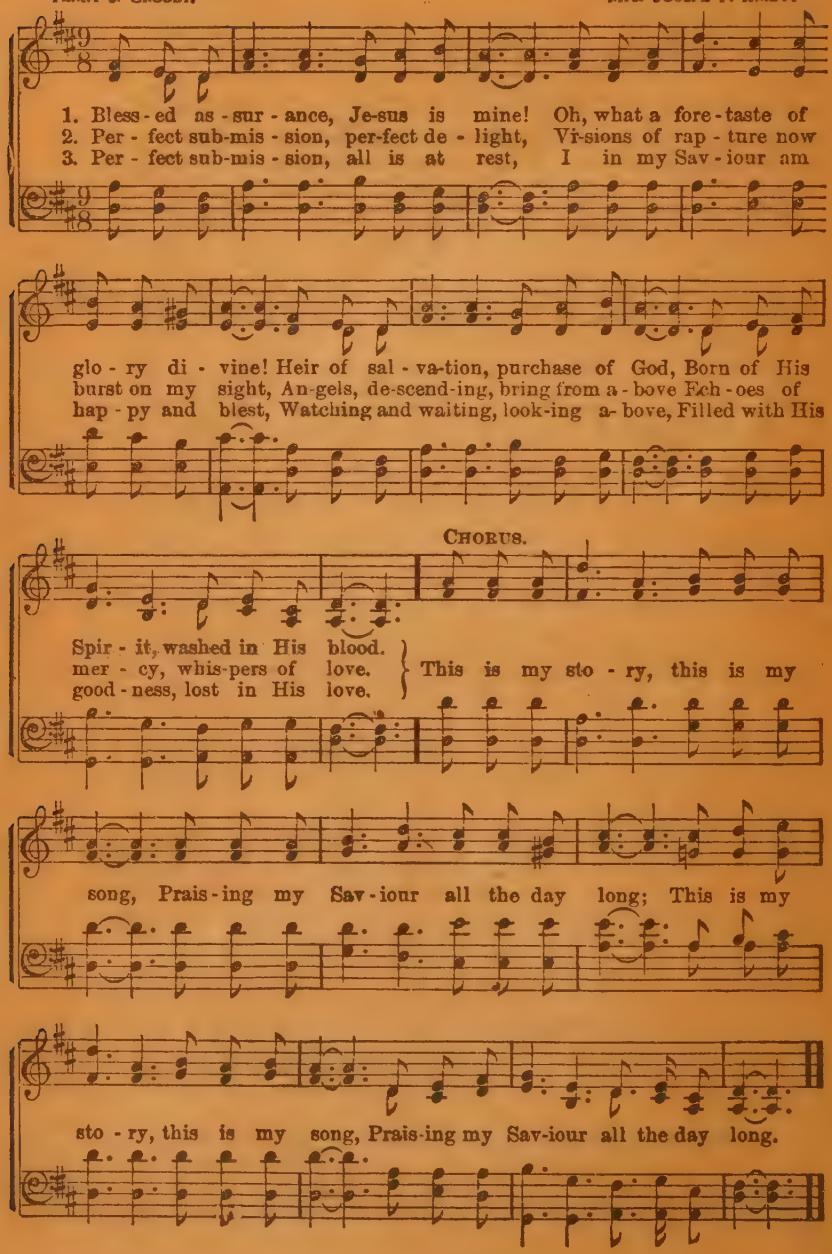
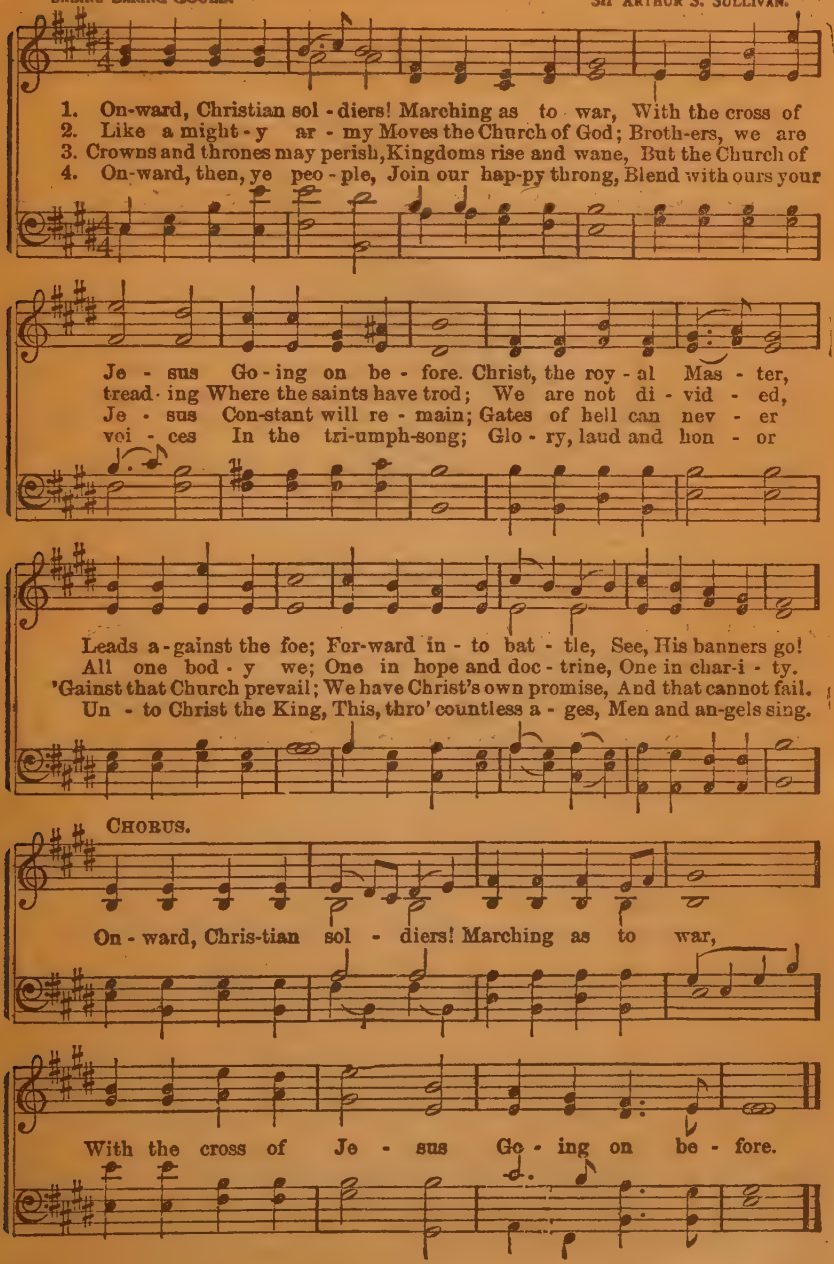
Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vi-sions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a- bove, Filled with His
CHORUS.
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good - ness, lost in His love.
This is my sto - ry, this is my
song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

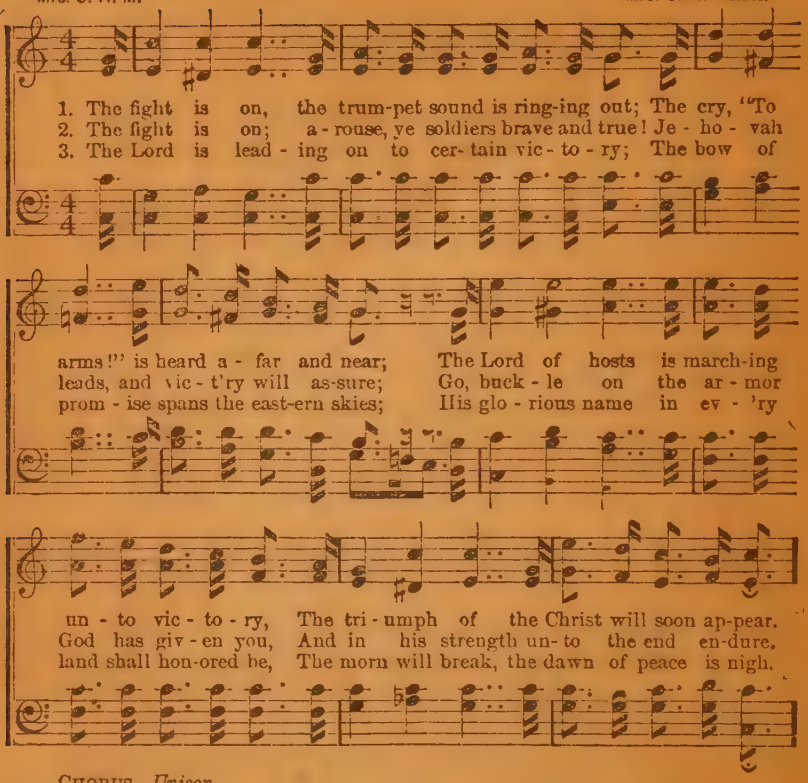
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

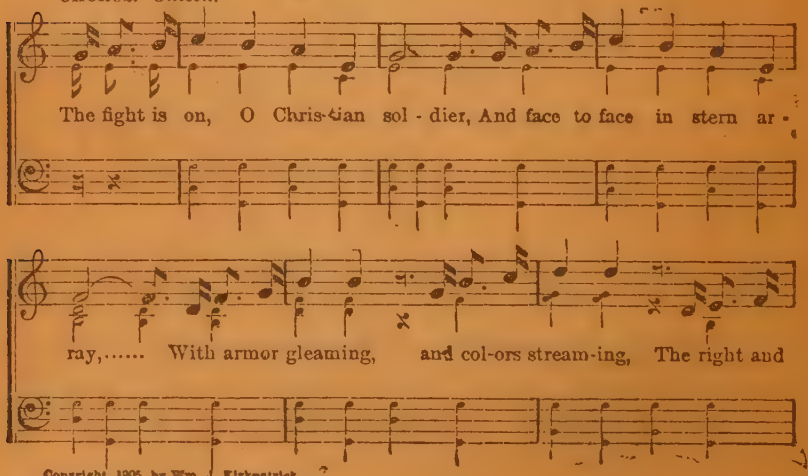

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or
Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.
CHORUS.
On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out; The cry, "To
2. The fight is on; a-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern skies; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry
un-to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in his strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-
ray,..... With armor gleaming, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

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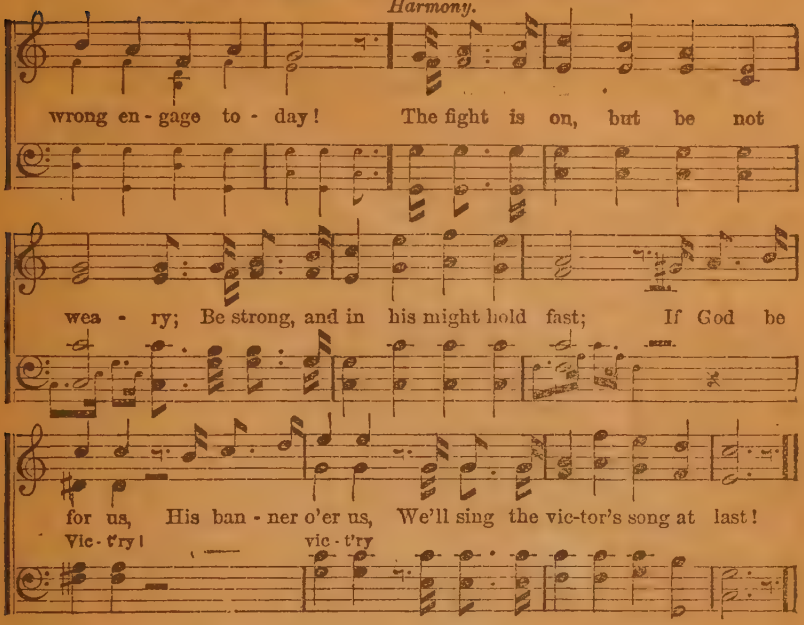
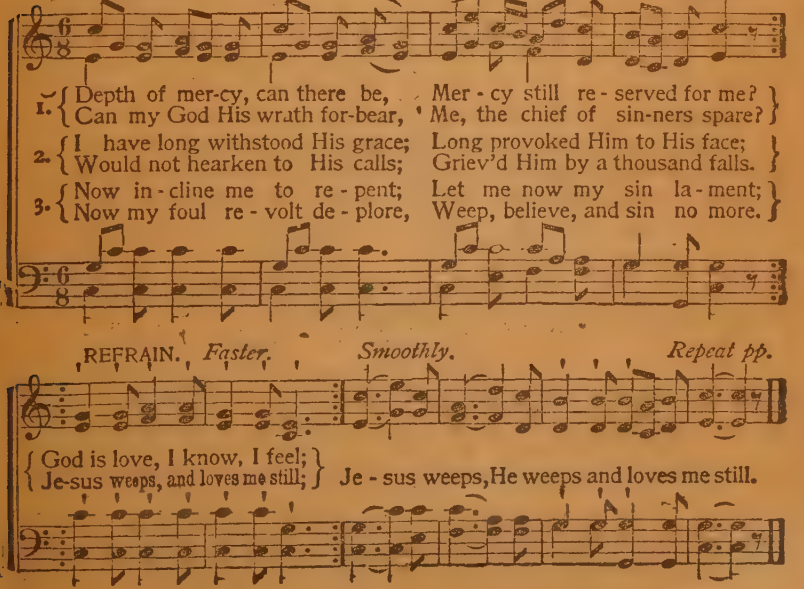
The Fight is On.—Concluded.

Harmony.


wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong, and in his might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry

17 Depth of Mercy.

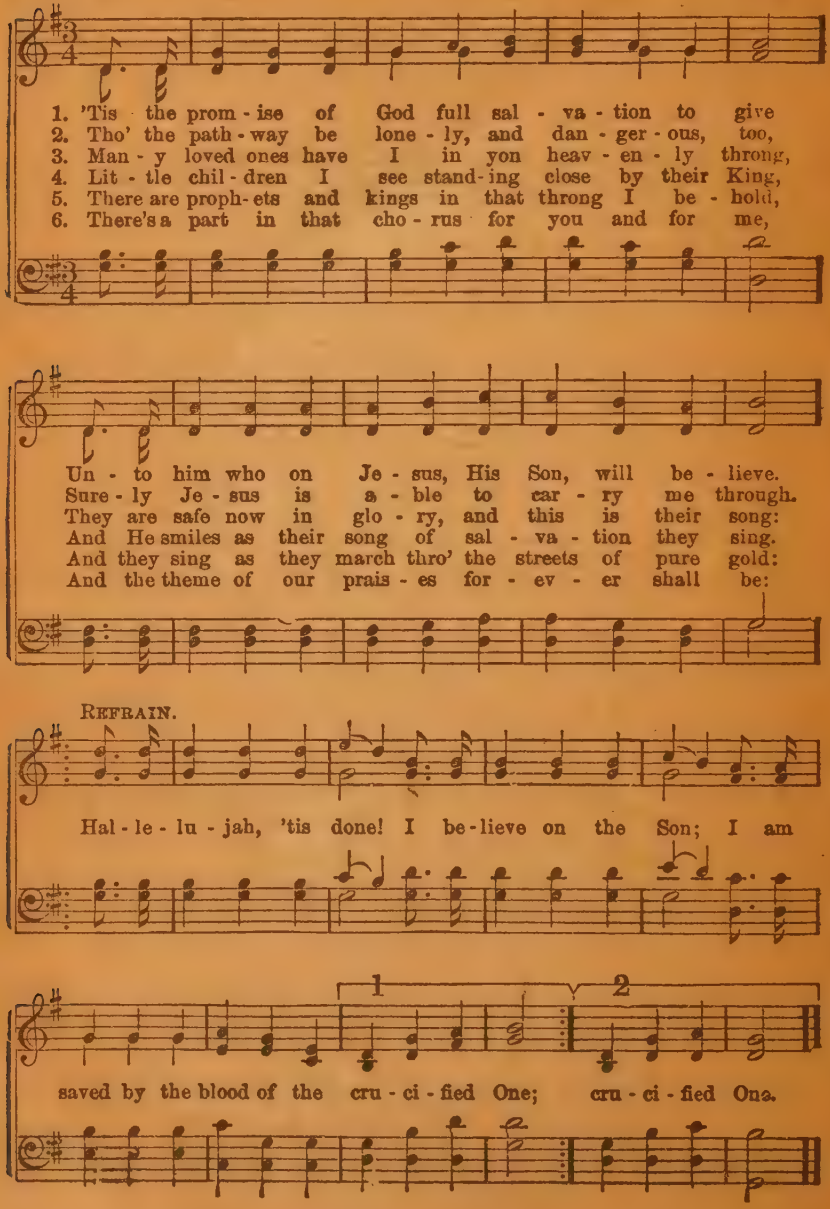
CHAS. WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.


1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be, Mer - cy still re - served for me?
Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls; Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sin la - ment;
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.
REFRAIN. Faster. Smoothly. Repeat pp.
God is love, I know, I feel;
Je-sus weeps, and loves me still; Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

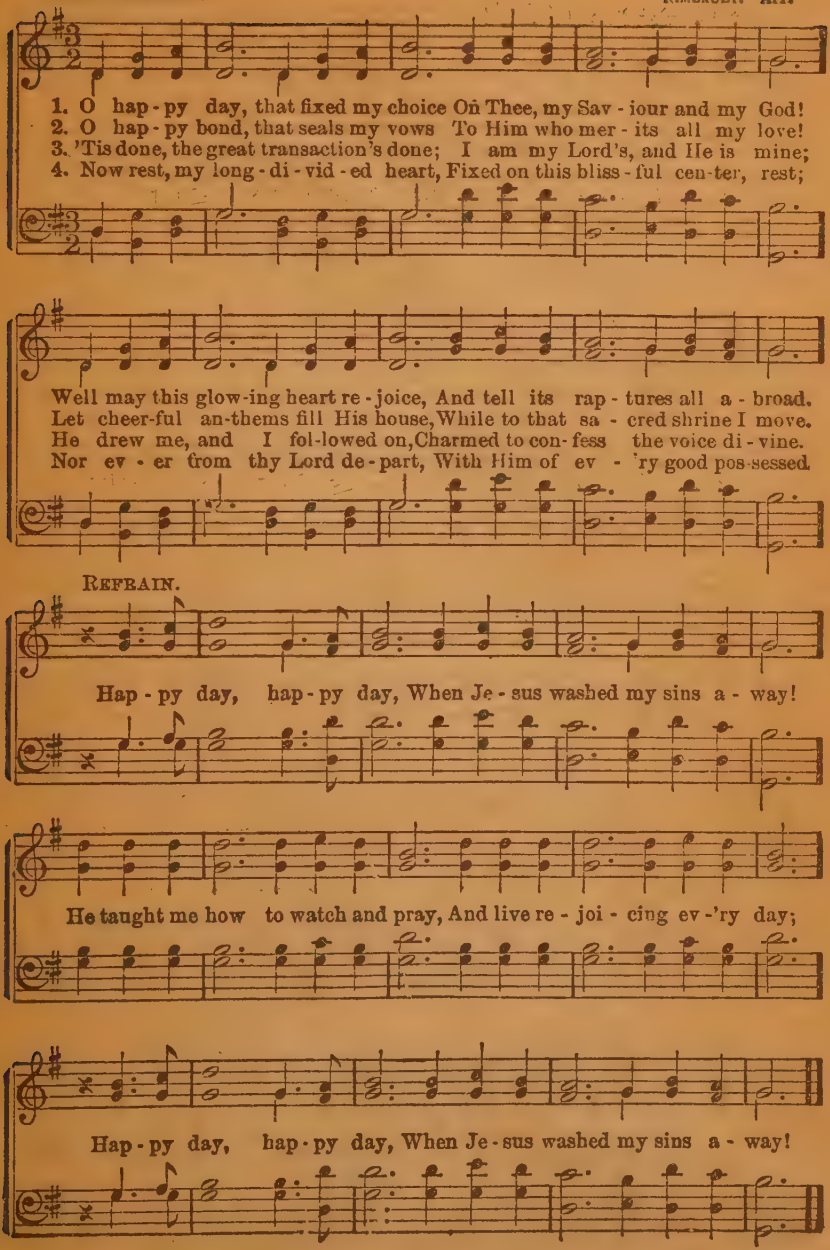
Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

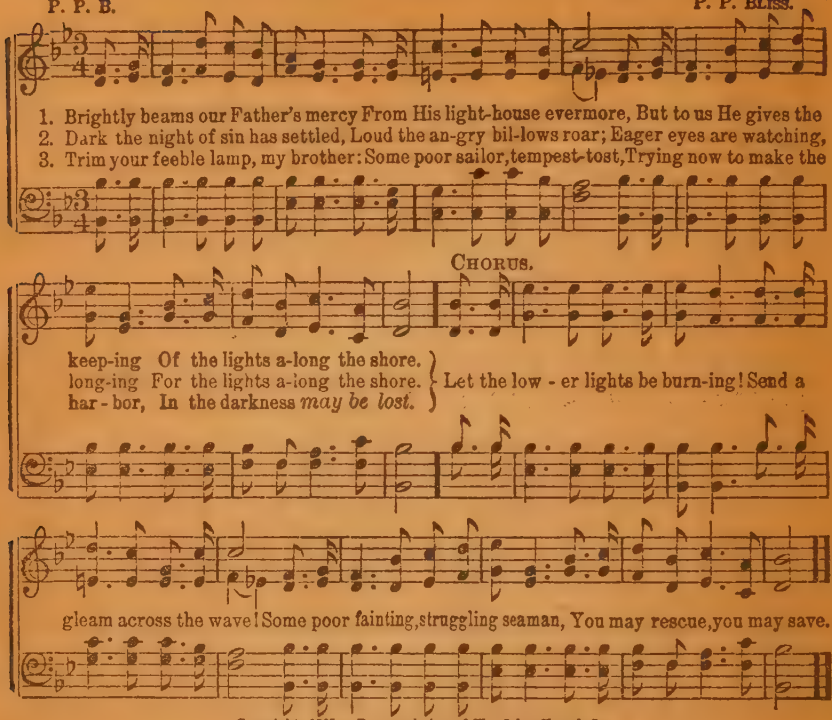

1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God full sal - va - tion to give
Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous, too,
Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
3. Man - y loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng,
They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is their song:
4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see stand - ing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of sal - va - tion they sing.
5. There are proph - ets and kings in that throng I be - hold,
And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure gold:
6. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me,
And the theme of our prais - es for - ev - er shall be:
REFRAIN.
Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am
saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.
1
2

O Happy Day!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. RIMBAULT. ARR.

1. O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good pos - sessed.
REFRAIN.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joi - cing ev - 'ry day;
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

20. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house evermore, But to us He gives the
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar; Eager eyes are watching,
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sailor, tempest-tost, Trying now to make the
Chorus.
keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
long-ing For the lights a-long the shore.
har - bor, In the darkness *may be lost.*
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a
gleam across the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling seaman, You may rescue, you may save.

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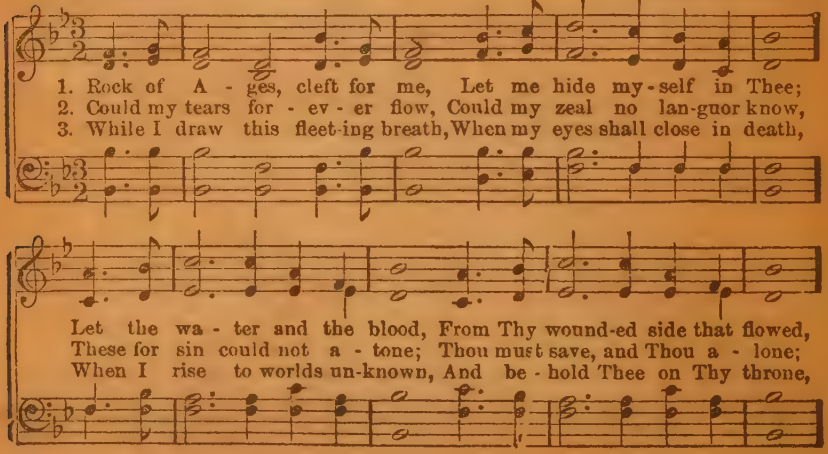
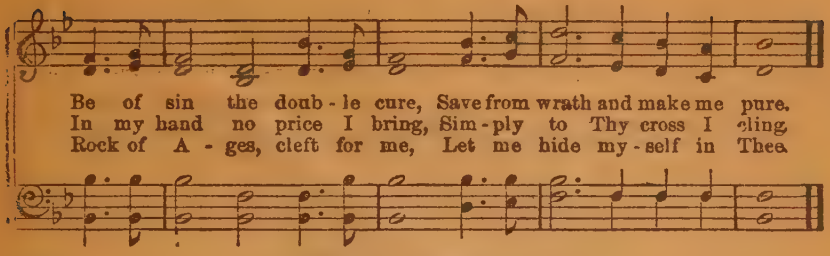
21. Rock of Ages.

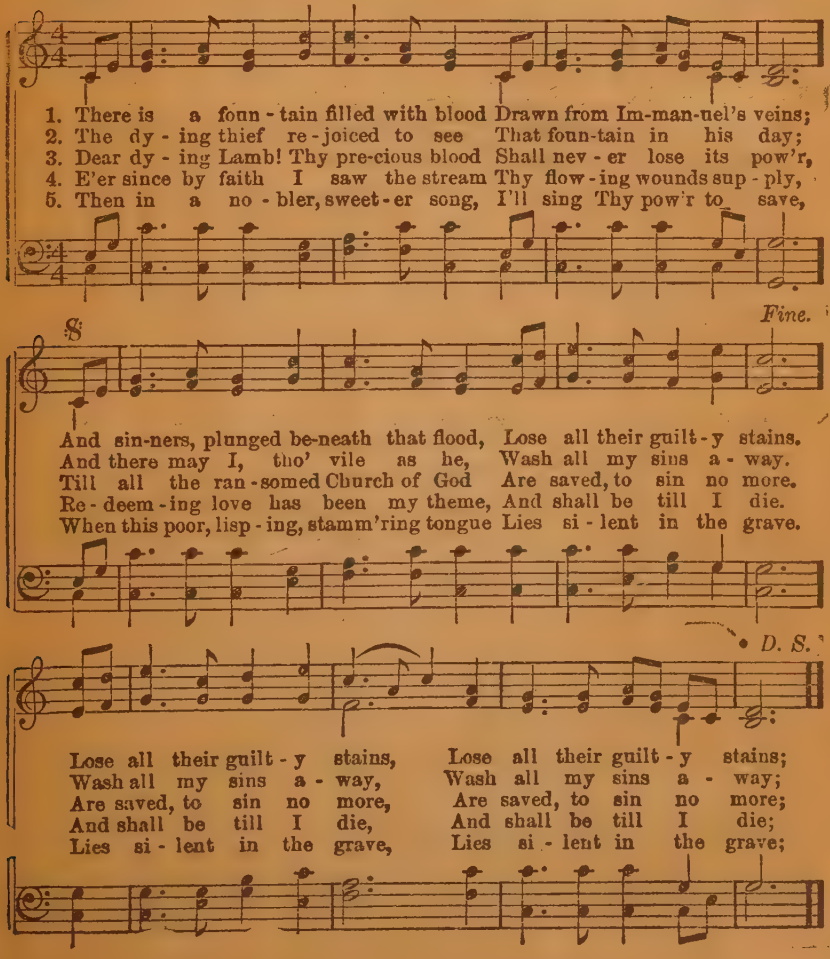
A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side that flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,


Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

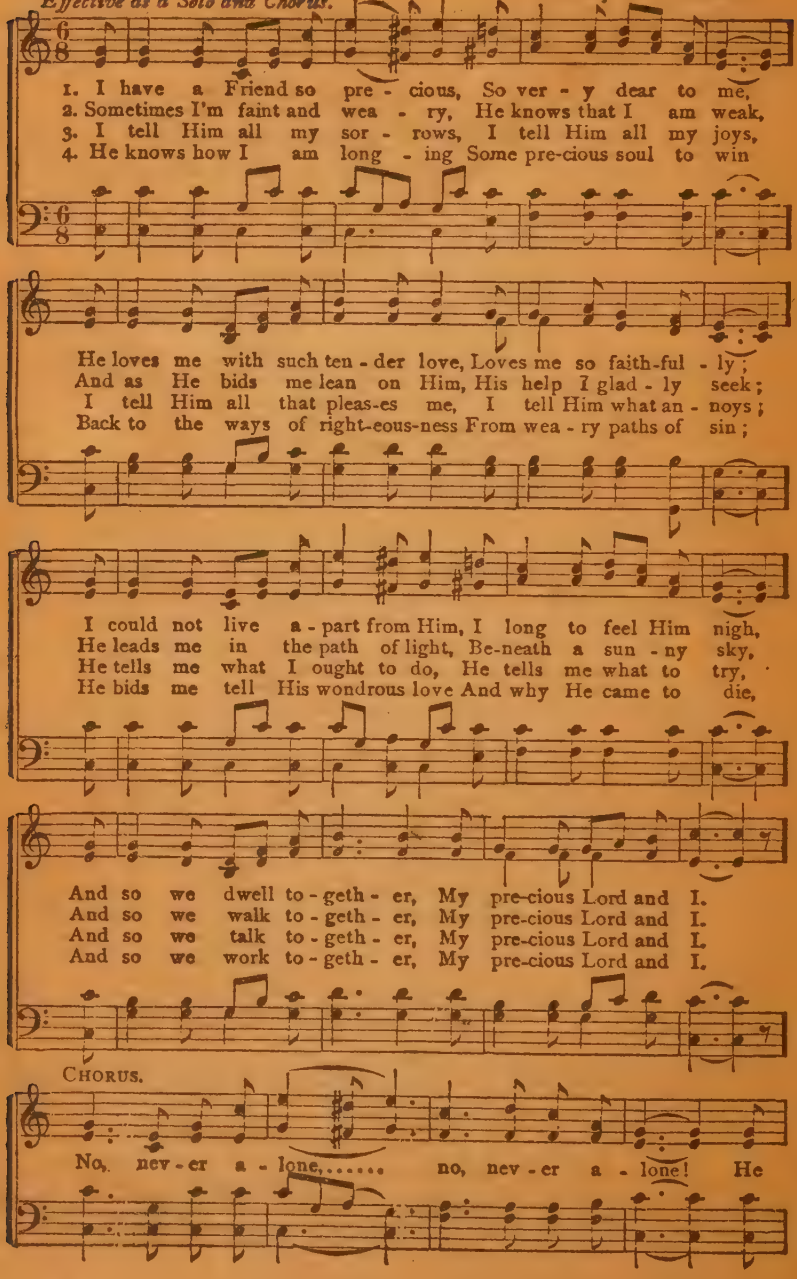
22 There Is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

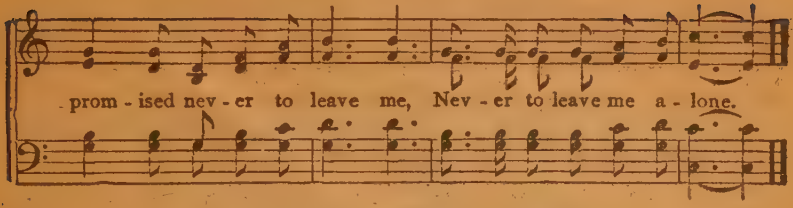

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
S
Fine.
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

Never Alone.

Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

Arr. by L. O. Brown.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some pre-cious soul to win
He loves me with such ten - der love, Loves me so faith-ful - ly;
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;
I tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
Back to the ways of right-eous-ness From wea - ry paths of sin;
I could not live a - part from Him, I long to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the path of light, Be-neath a sun - ny sky,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try,
He bids me tell His wondrous love And why He came to die,
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My pre-cious Lord and I.
And so we walk to - geth - er, My pre-cious Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My pre-cious Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My pre-cious Lord and I.
Chorus.
No, nev - er a - lone, ... no, nev - er a - lone! He

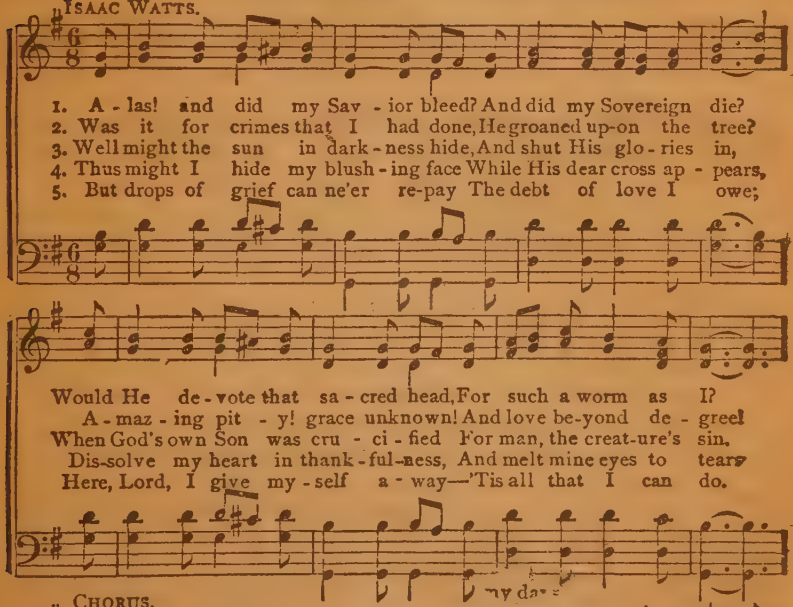
Never Alone—Con.



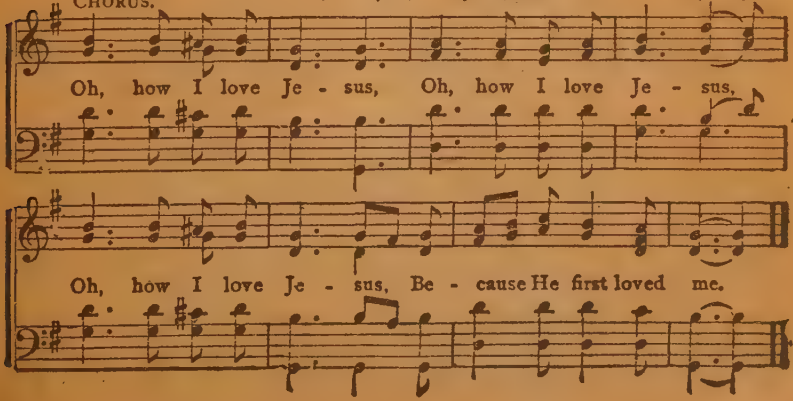
24

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

ISAAC WATTS.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creat-ure's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank - ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.



25 Count Your Blessings.

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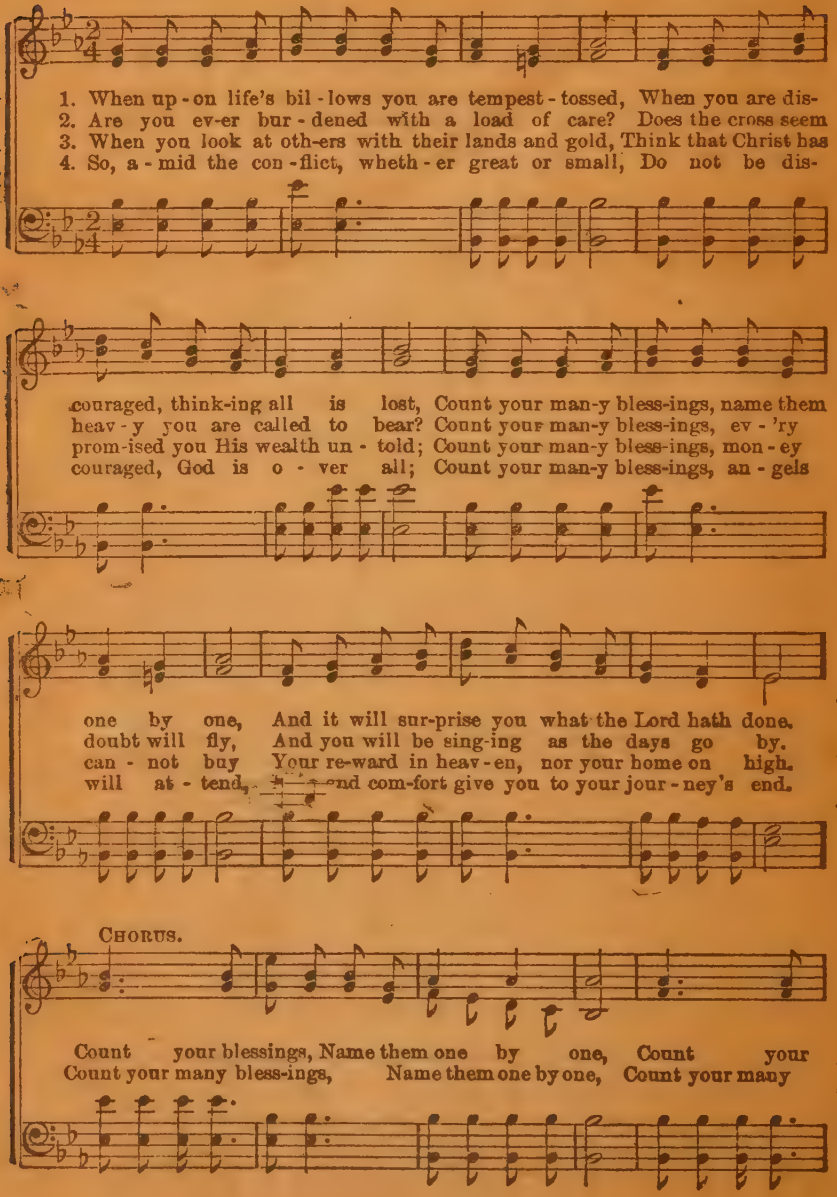
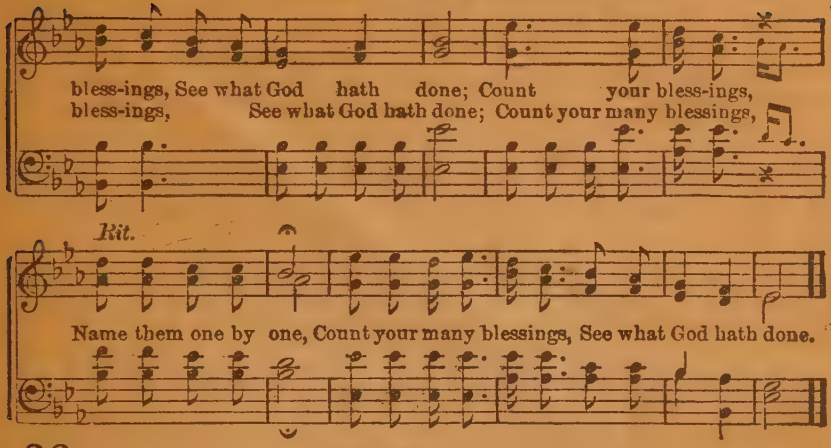
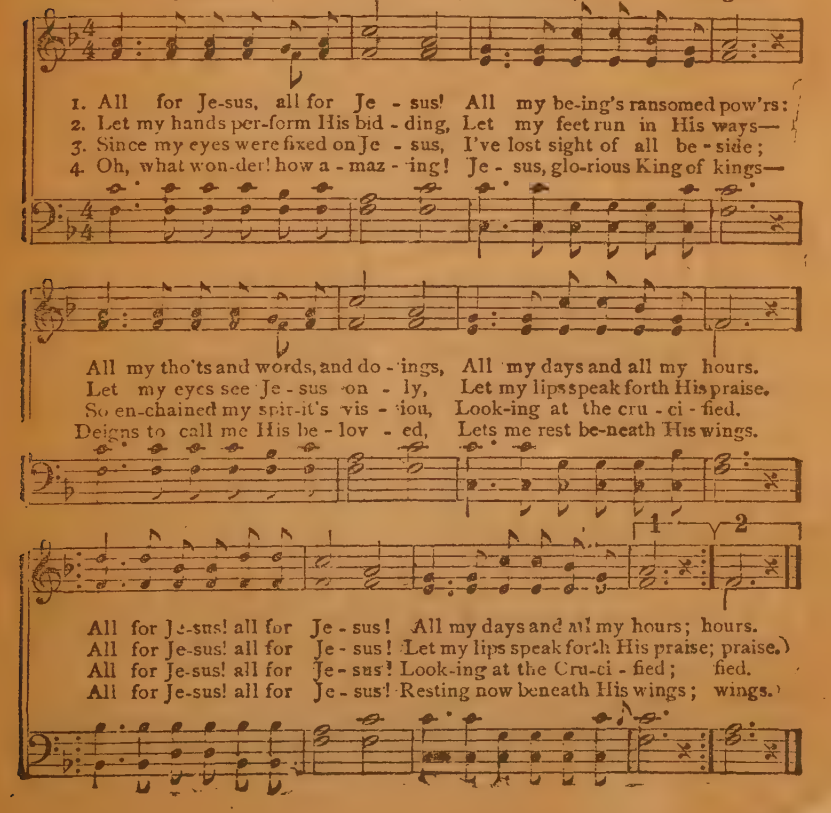
REV. J. OATMAN, JR. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tempest - tossed, When you are dis-
couraged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
2. Are you ev-er bur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon - ey
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis-
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, And com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your many bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your many

Count Your Blessings—Concluded.


bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings,
Rit.
Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

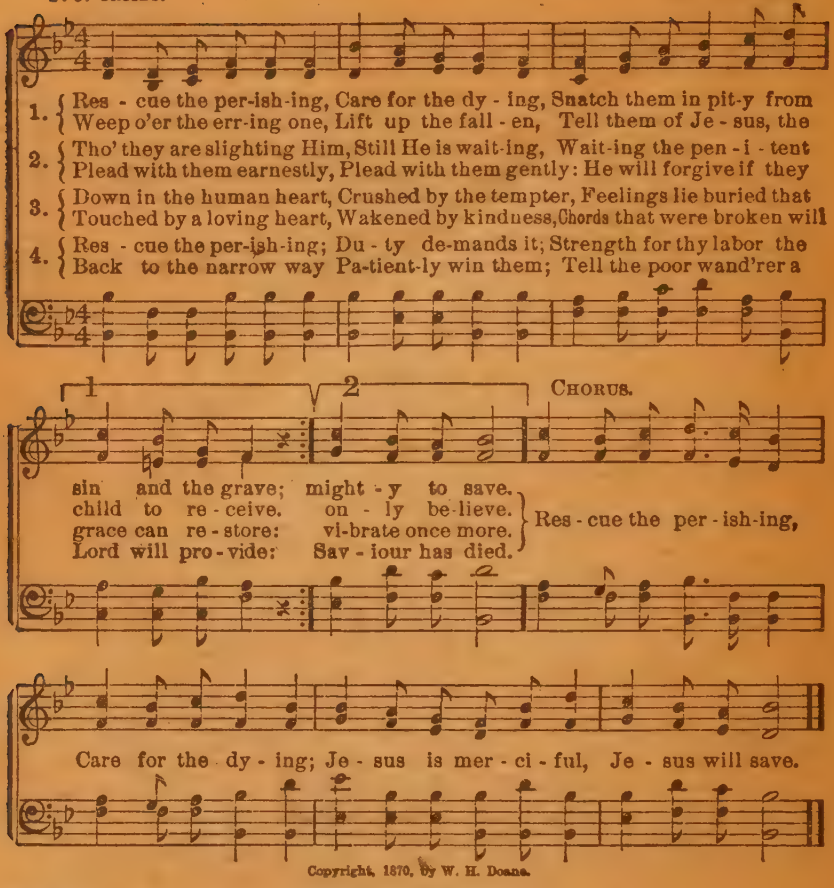
26

All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.

1. All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransomed pow'rs:
2. Let my hands per-form His bid - ding, Let my feet run in His ways—
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - side;
4. Oh, what won-der! how a - maz - ing! Je - sus, glo-rious King of kings—
All my tho'ts and words, and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So en-chained my spir-it's vis - ion, Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest be-neath His wings.
1
2
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look-ing at the Cru-ci - fied; fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Resting now beneath His wings; wings.

27 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently: He will forgive if they
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing; Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy labor the
Back to the narrow way Pa-tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wand'rer a
1
2
Chorus.
sin and the grave; might - y to save.
child to re - ceive. on - ly be-lieve.
grace can re - store: vi-brate once more.
Lord will pro - vide: Sav - iour has died.
Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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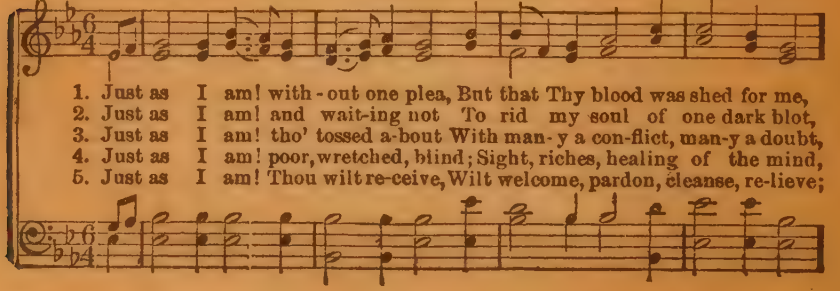
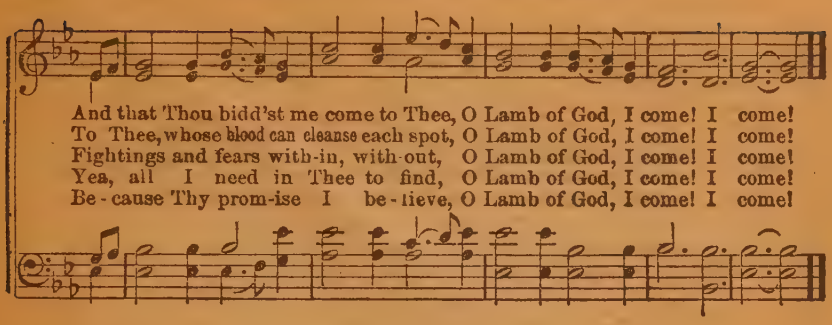
28 Just As I Am.

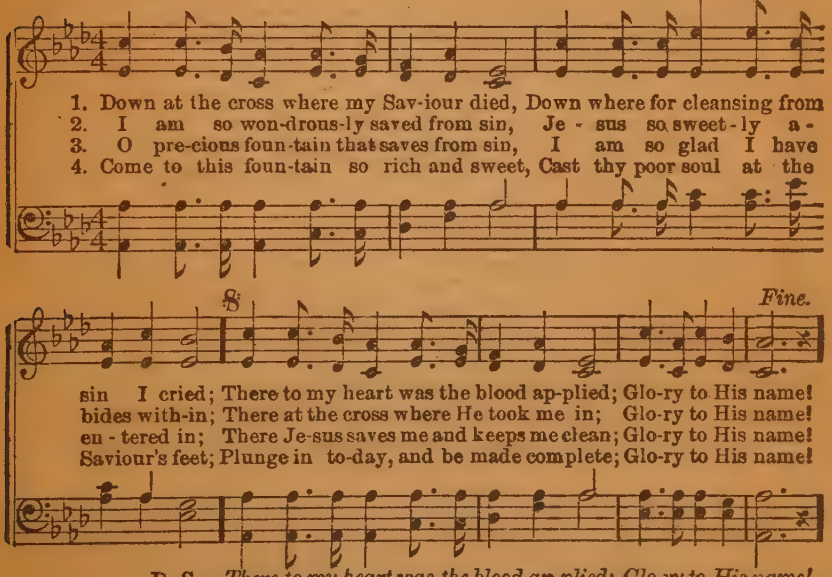
Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With man - y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;

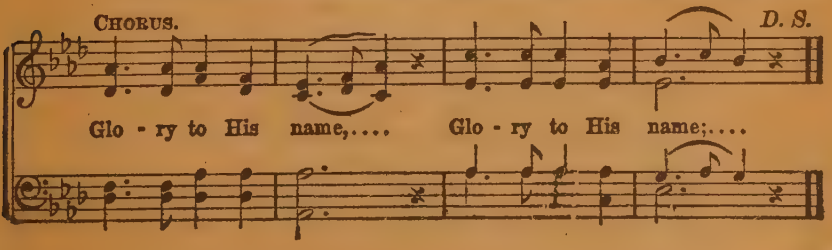

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

29 Glory to His Name!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the
8
Fine.
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name!
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name!
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name!
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His name!

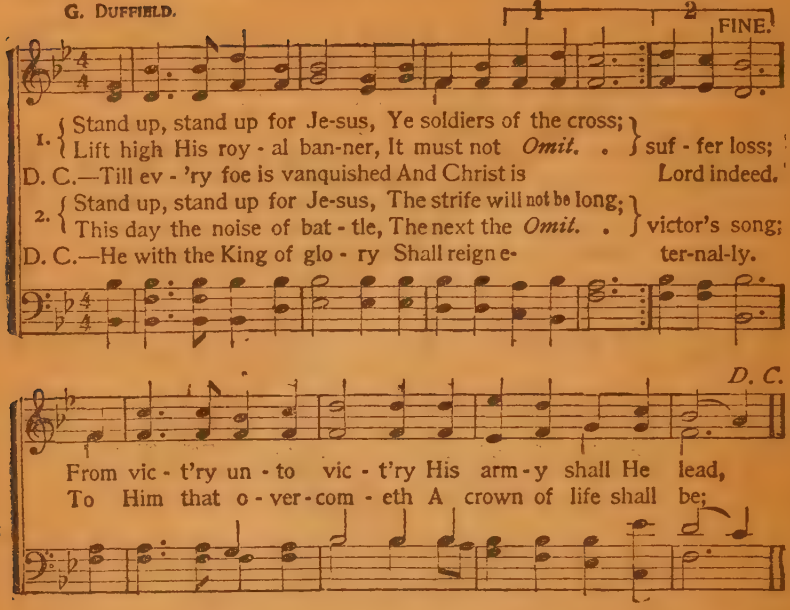
D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name!*



30 Stand Up for Jesus.

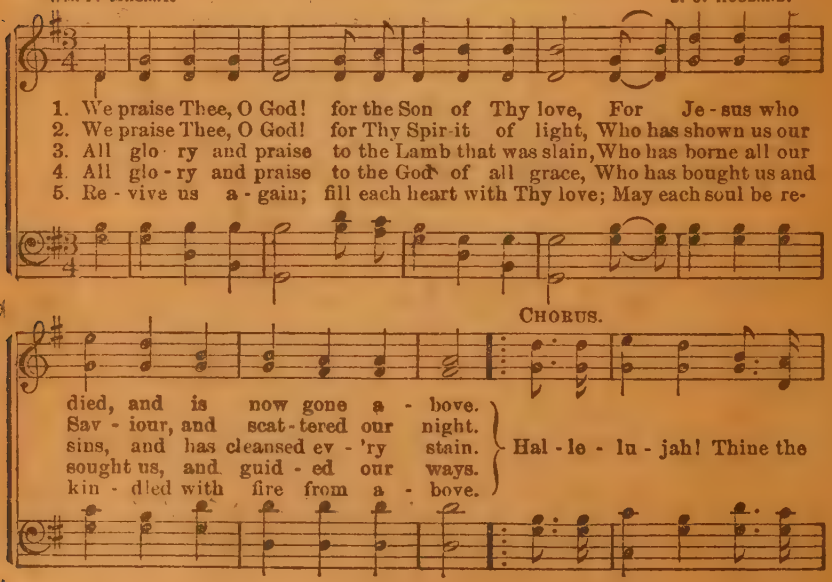
Tune:—WEBB. 7, 6.

G. DUFFIELD.

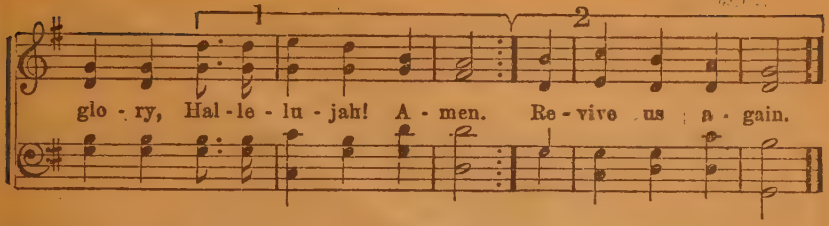

1
2
FINE.
1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban-ner, It must not *Omit.* . suf - fer loss;
D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the *Omit.* . victor's song;
D. C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e- ter-nal-ly.
D. C.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
To Him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

31 Revive Us Again.

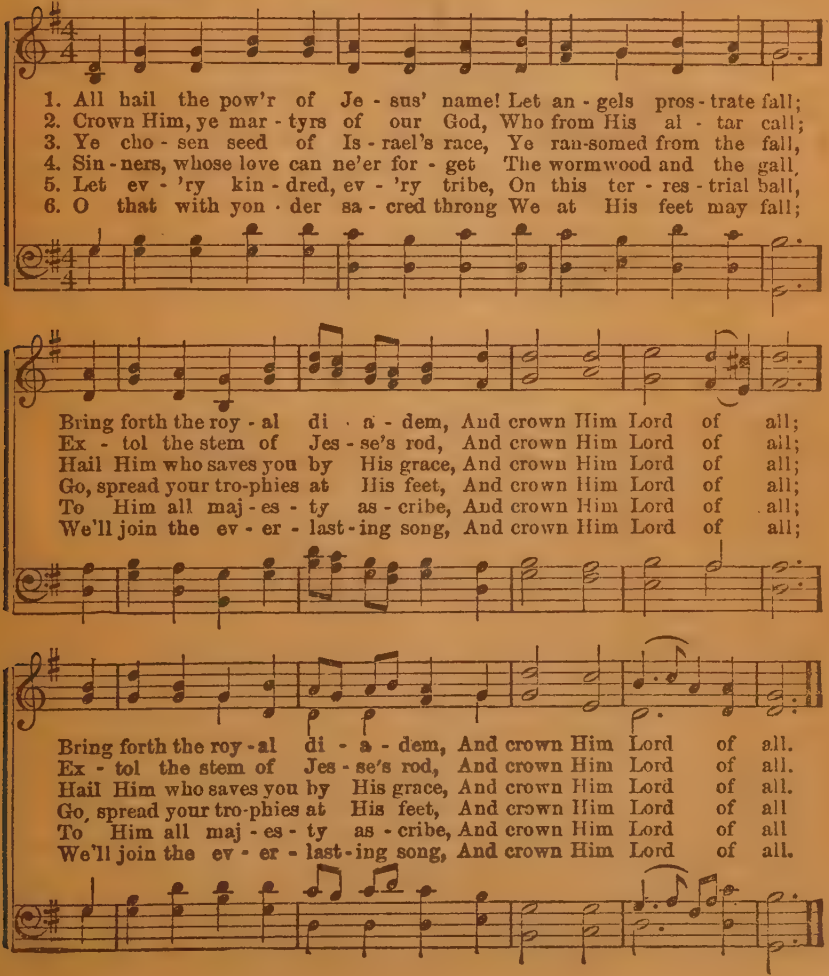
WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS.
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour, and scat-tered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

Revive Us Again—Concluded.

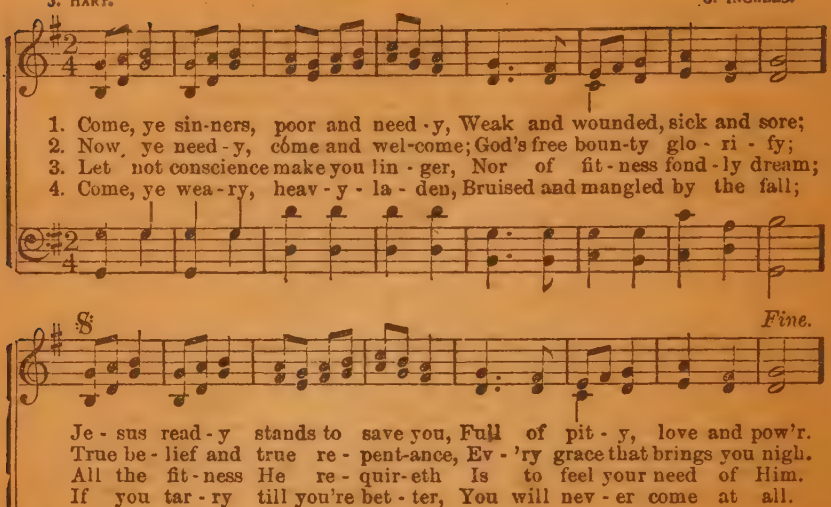


32 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
6. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

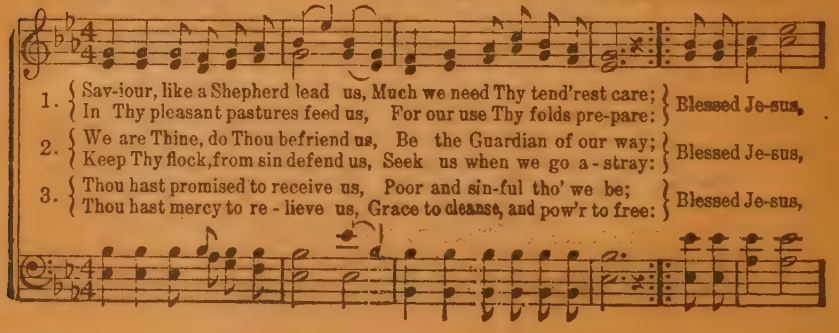
33 Come, Ye Sinners.

J. HART. J. INGALLS.

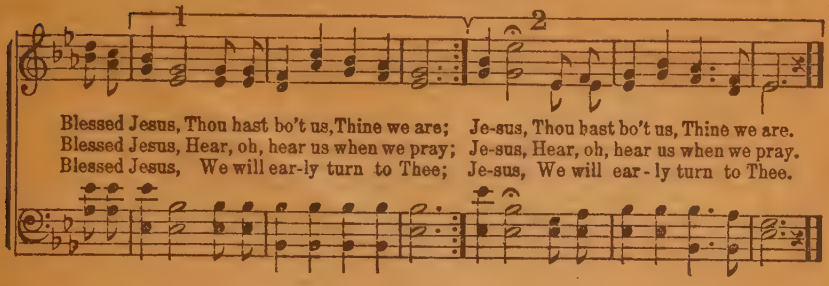

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now ye need-y, come and wel-come; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
S
Fine.
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
D. S.–Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Turn to the Lord and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

34 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. (RUSSELL). WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

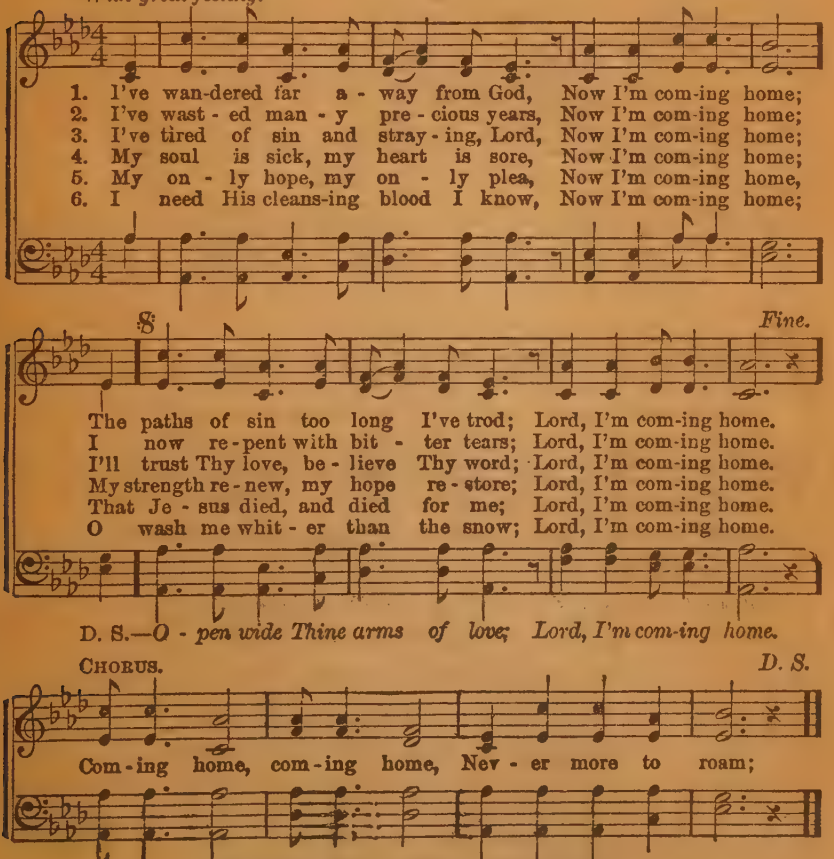

1. Sav-iour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care; In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare: Blessed Je-sus,
2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a-stray: Blessed Je-sus,
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be; Thou hast mercy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free: Blessed Je-sus,

Saviour, Like a Shepherd—Concluded.


1
2
Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray; Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
Blessed Jesus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee; Je-sus, We will ear-ly turn to Thee.

35 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.

1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home,
6. I need His cleans-ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
S
Fine.
The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit-ter tears; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je-sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit-er than the snow; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.—O-pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

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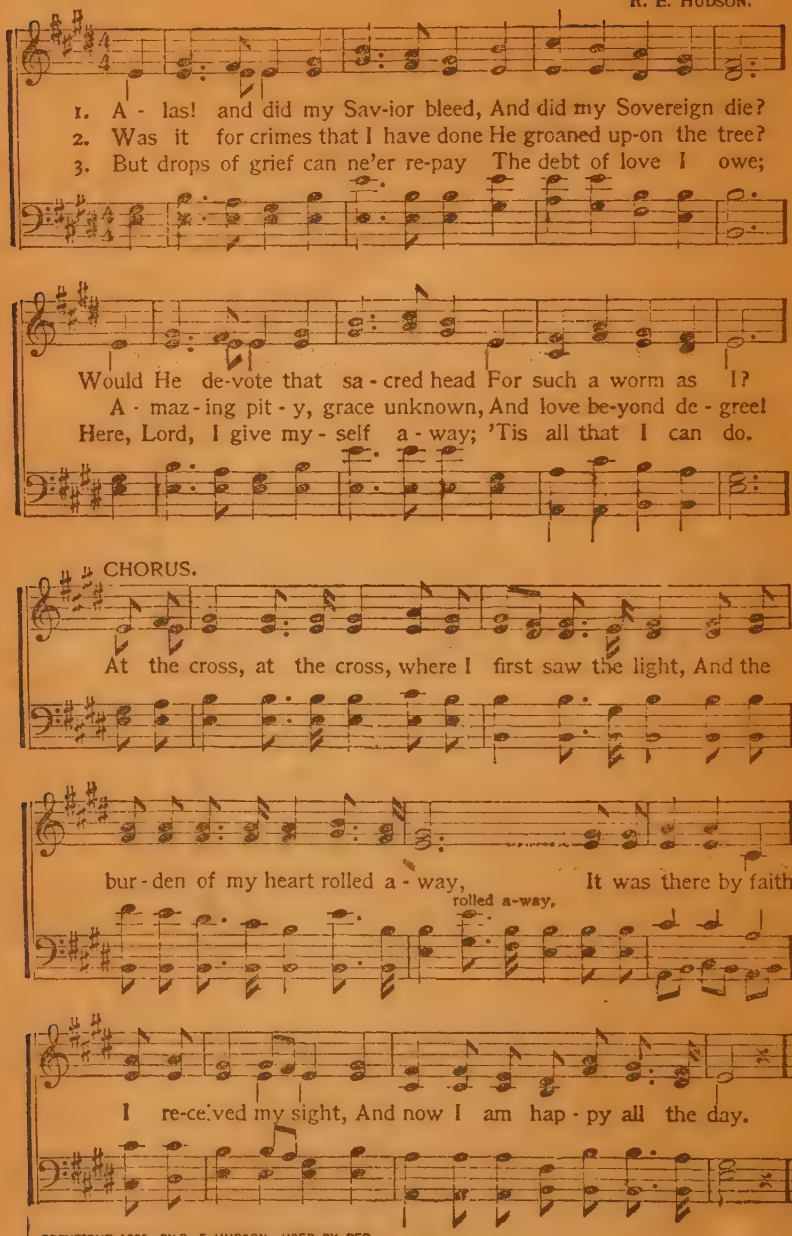
At the Cross.

R. E. HUDSON.


1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.
CHORUS.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
rolled a-way.
I re-ce.ved my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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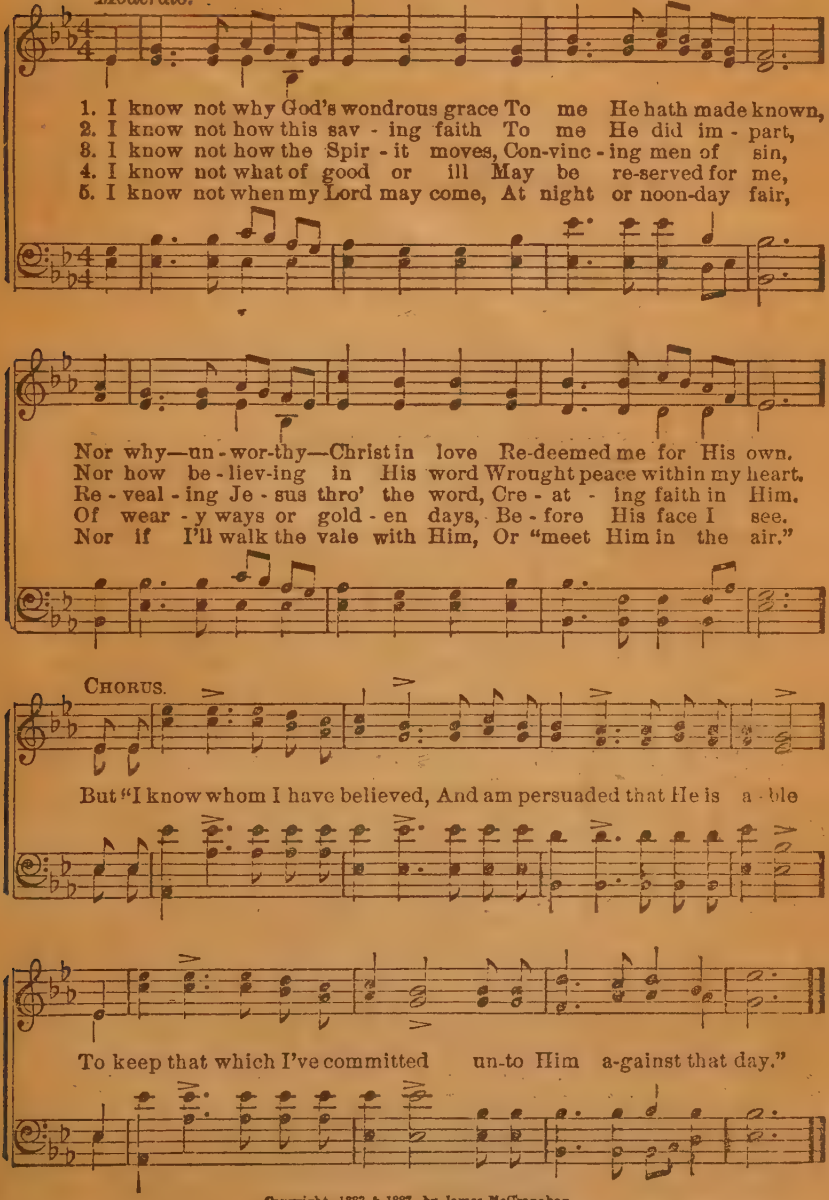
37 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL NATHAN. 2 TIM. 1: 12. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,
Nor why—un - wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev-ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wear - y ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."
CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've committed un-to Him a-gainst that day."

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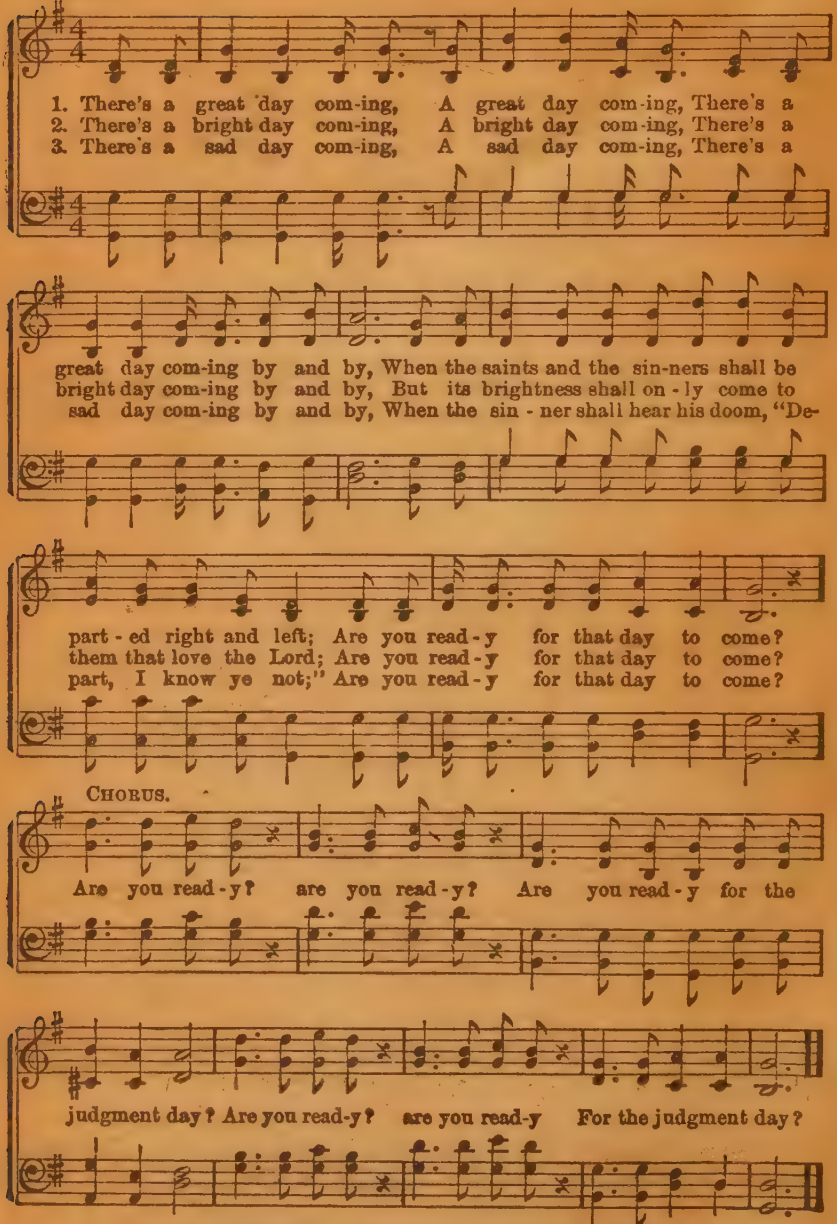
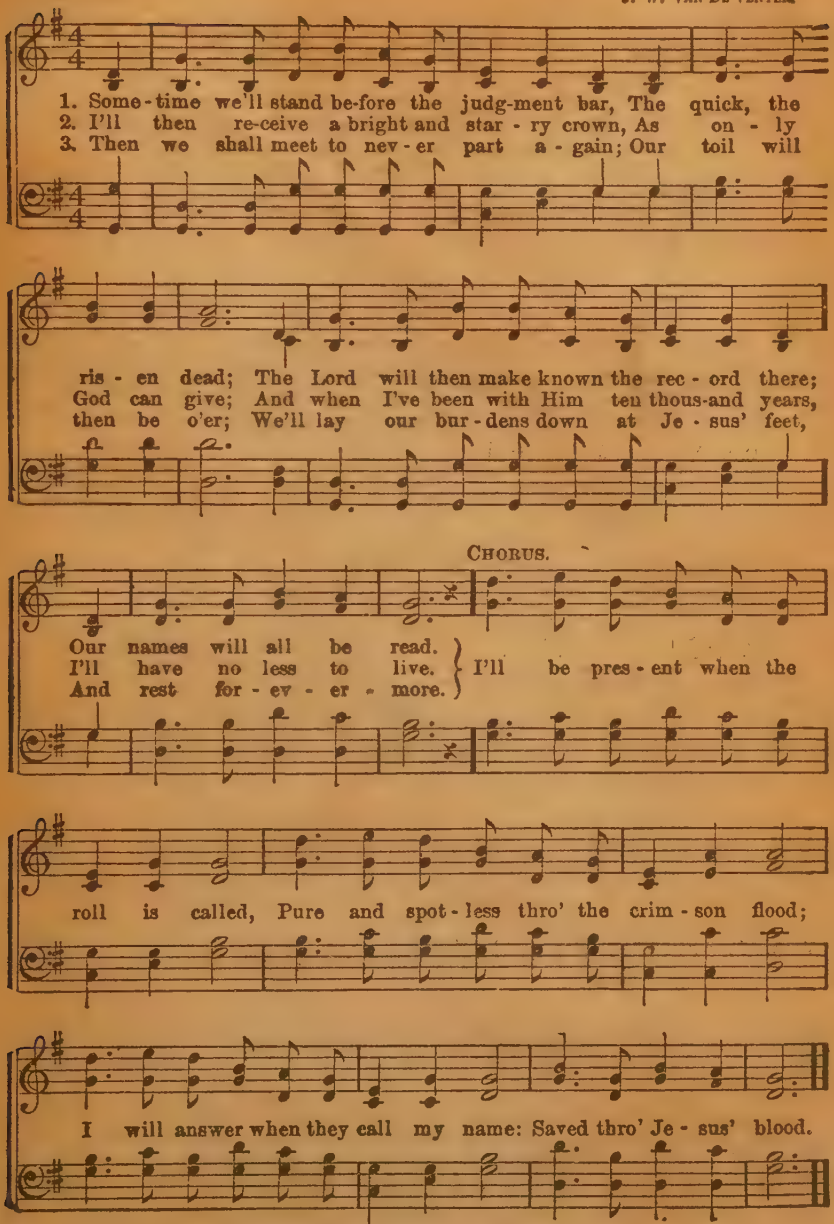
There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-
part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the
judgment day? Are you read-y? are you read-y For the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Home Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

1. Some-time we'll stand be-fore the judg-ment bar, The quick, the
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star-ry crown, As on-ly
3. Then we shall meet to nev-er part a-gain; Our toil will
ris-en dead; The Lord will then make known the rec-ord there;
God can give; And when I've been with Him ten thous-and years,
then be o'er; We'll lay our bur-dens down at Je-sus' feet,
CHORUS.
Our names will all be read.
I'll have no less to live.
And rest for-ev-er-more.
I'll be pres-ent when the
roll is called, Pure and spot-less thro' the crim-son flood;
I will answer when they call my name: Saved thro' Je-sus' blood.

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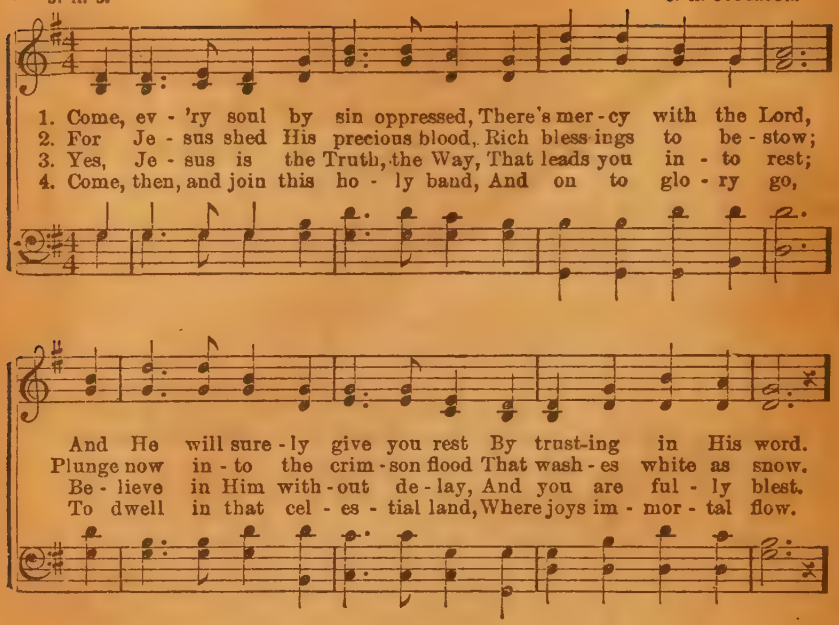
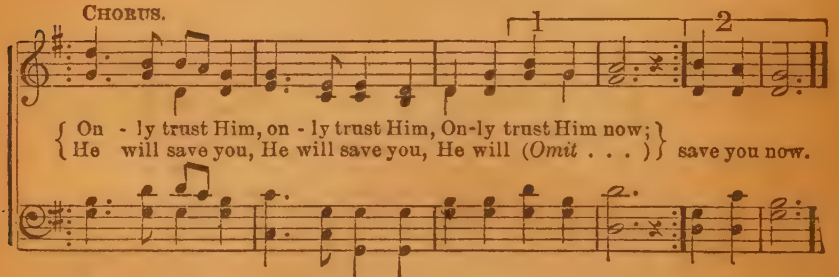
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

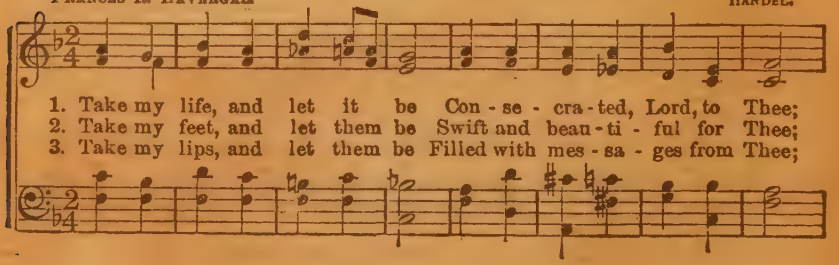

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that cel - es - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

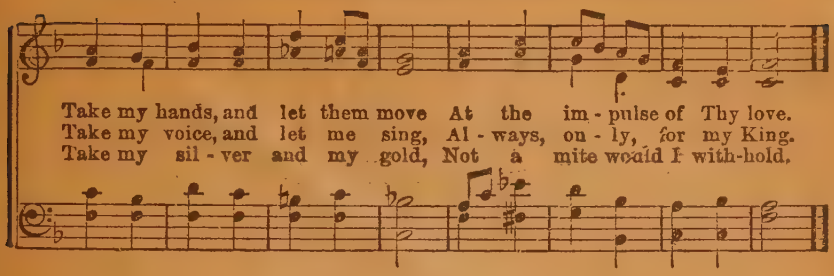


41 Take My Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. HANDEL.

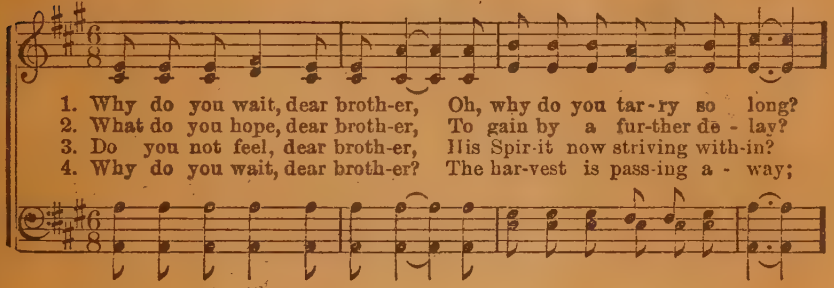

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;

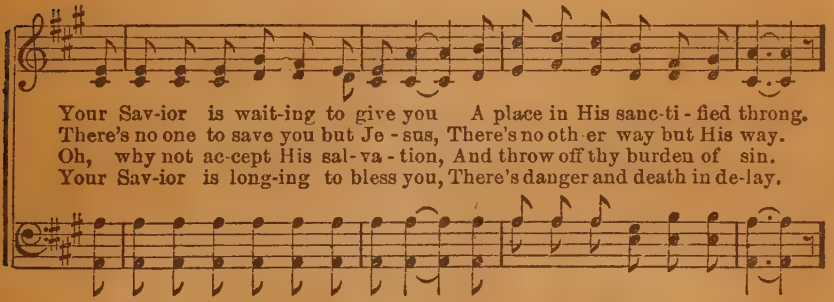
Take My Life, and Let it Be—Concluded.

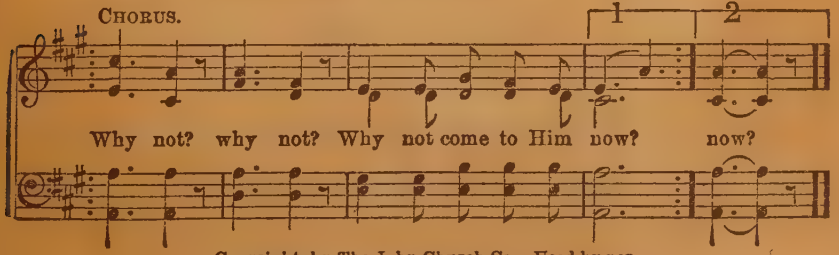

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.

42 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striving with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way;


Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy burden of sin.
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.



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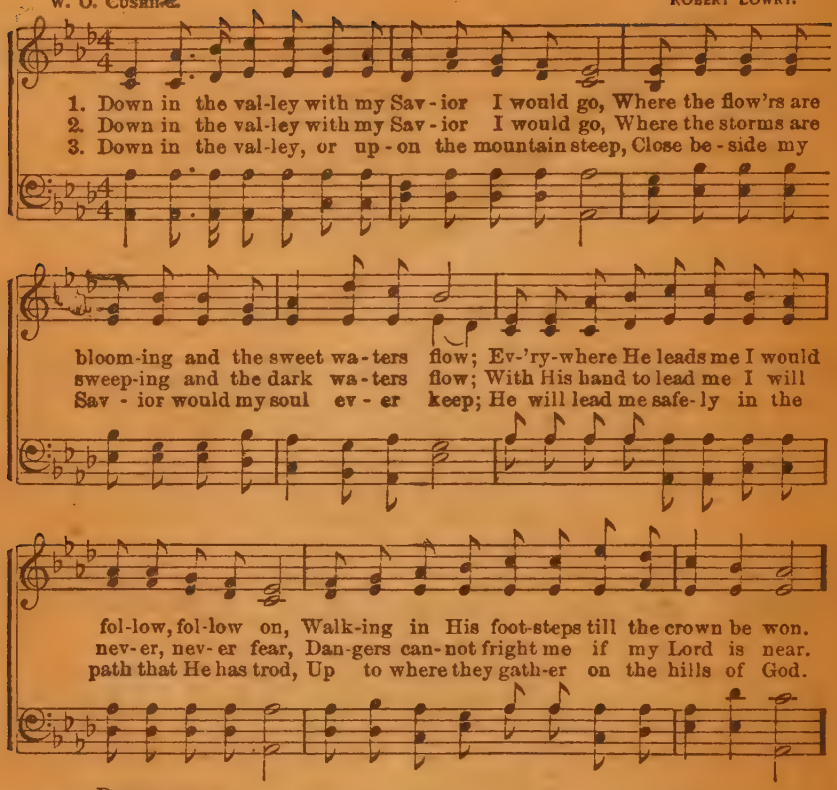
Follow On!

W. O. Cushing. Robert Lowry.


1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav-ior would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.
Refrain.
Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'ry-where, I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low

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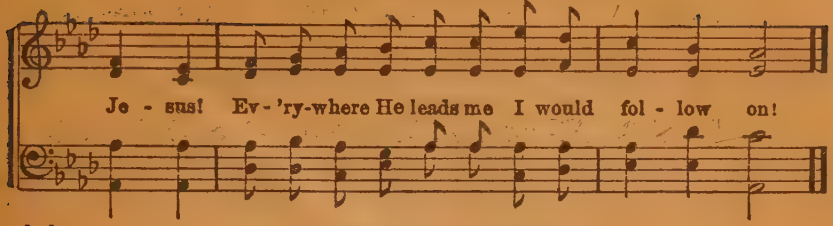
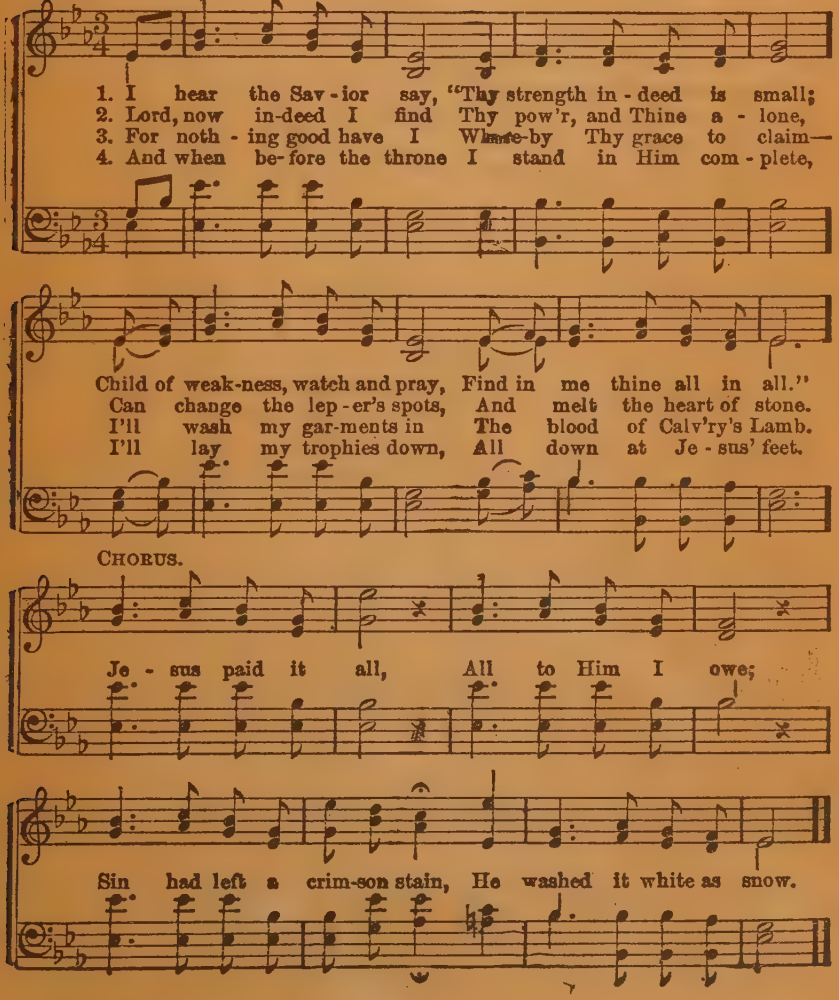
Follow On!—Concluded.



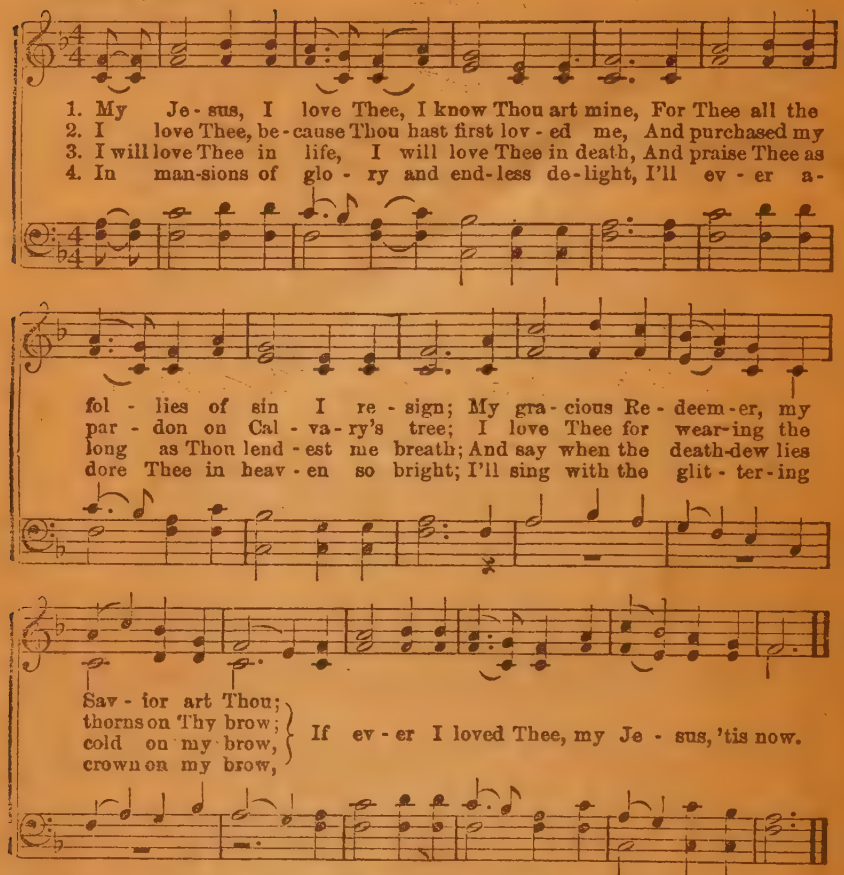
44 Jesus Paid It All.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAFF.

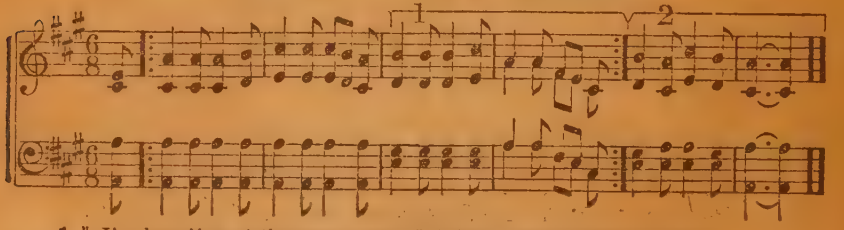

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete,
Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar-ments in The blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

45. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou;
thorns on Thy brow;
cold on my brow,
crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

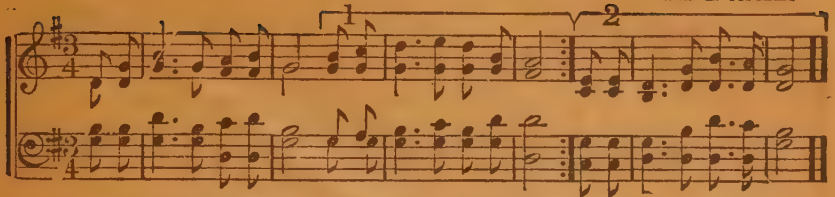
46 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.



1 ‖: I'm kneeling at the mercy seat, :‖ Where Jesus answers prayer.
Cho.—‖: I can, I will, I do believe, :‖ That Jesus saves me now.
2 ‖: Refining fire, go through my heart, :‖ Illuminate my soul.
3 ‖: O that it now from heaven might fall, :‖ And all my sins consume.

47 I Am Coming.

Wm. G. Fischer.



1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

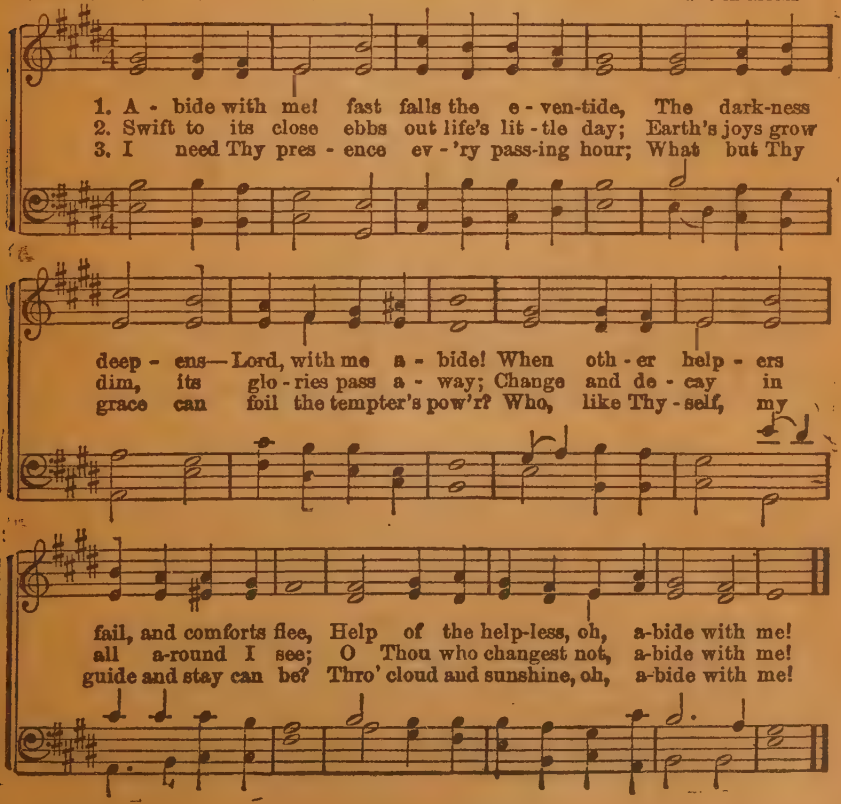
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, save me, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine forevermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

48 Abide With Me.

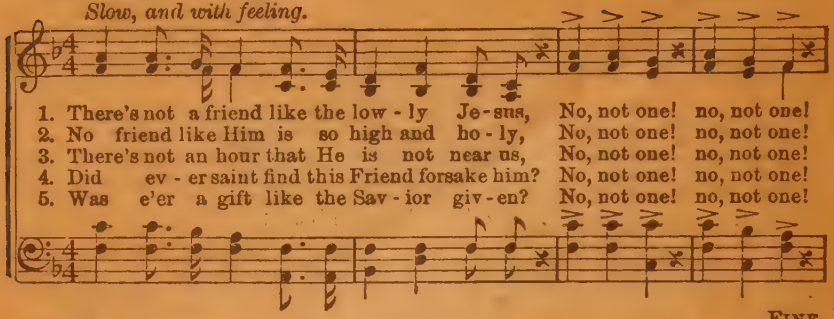
H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

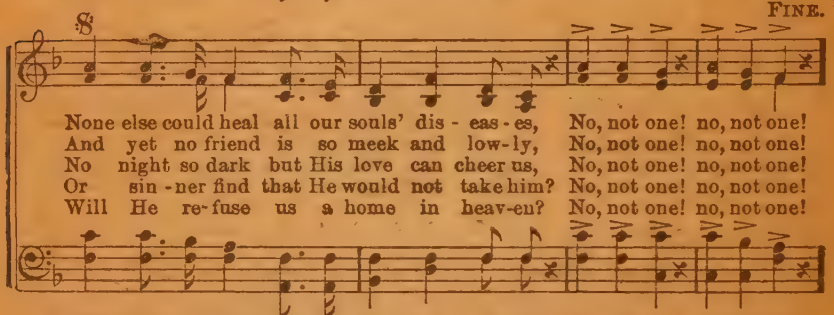

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!

49 No, Not One.

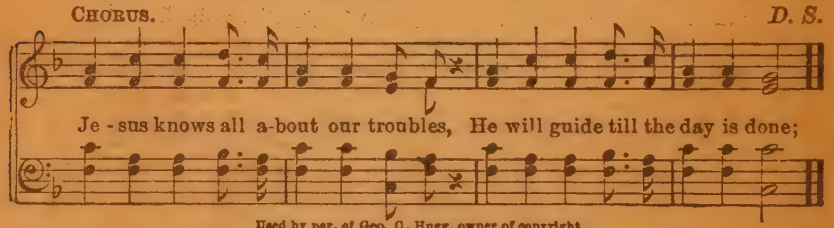
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!


S
FINE.
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*



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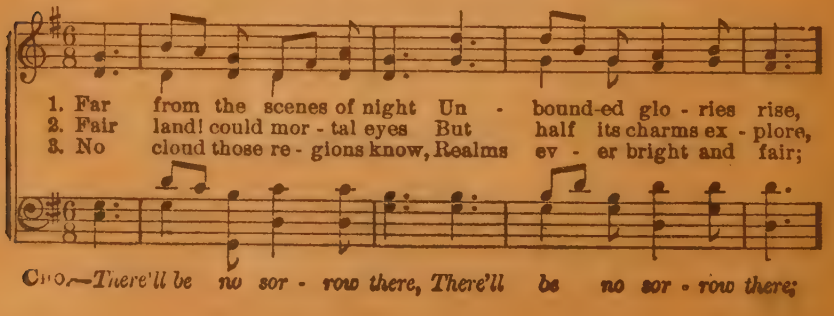
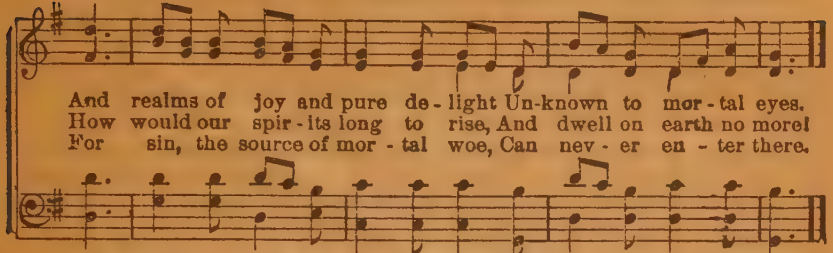
50 There Will Be No Sorrow There.


1. Far from the scenes of night Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise,
2. Fair land! could mor - tal eyes But half its charms ex - plore,
3. No cloud those re - gions know, Realms ev - er bright and fair;

CHO.—*There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;*

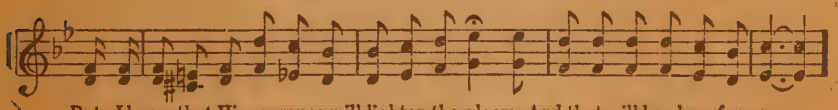
There Will Be No Sorrow There—Concluded.


And realms of joy and pure de - light Un-known to mor - tal eyes.
How would our spir - its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!
For sin, the source of mor - tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.
In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

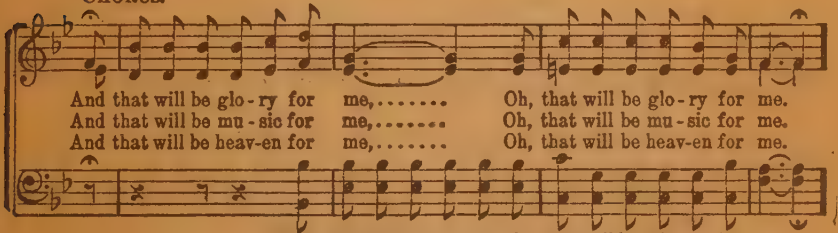
51 That Will Be Heaven for Me.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

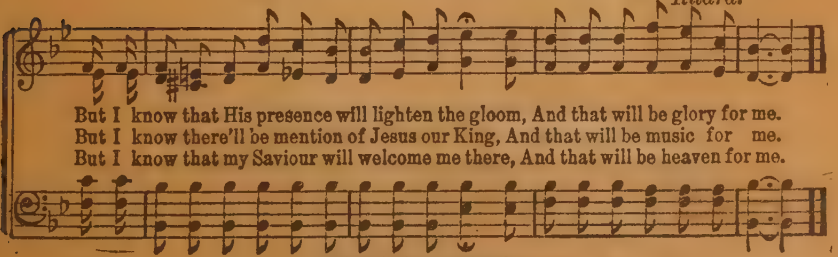
1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me away to His own dear home;
2. I know not the song that the an-gels sing, I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring;
3. I know not the form of my mansion fair, I know not the name that I then shall bear;


But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Je-sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

Chorus.


And that will be glo - ry for me,..... Oh, that will be glo - ry for me.
And that will be mu - sic for me,..... Oh, that will be mu - sic for me.
And that will be heav-en for me,..... Oh, that will be heav-en for me.
Yes, that will be glo-ry, oh, that will be glo - ry for me.
Yes, that will be mu-sic, oh, that will be mu-sic for me.
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heav-en for me.

Ritard.


But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

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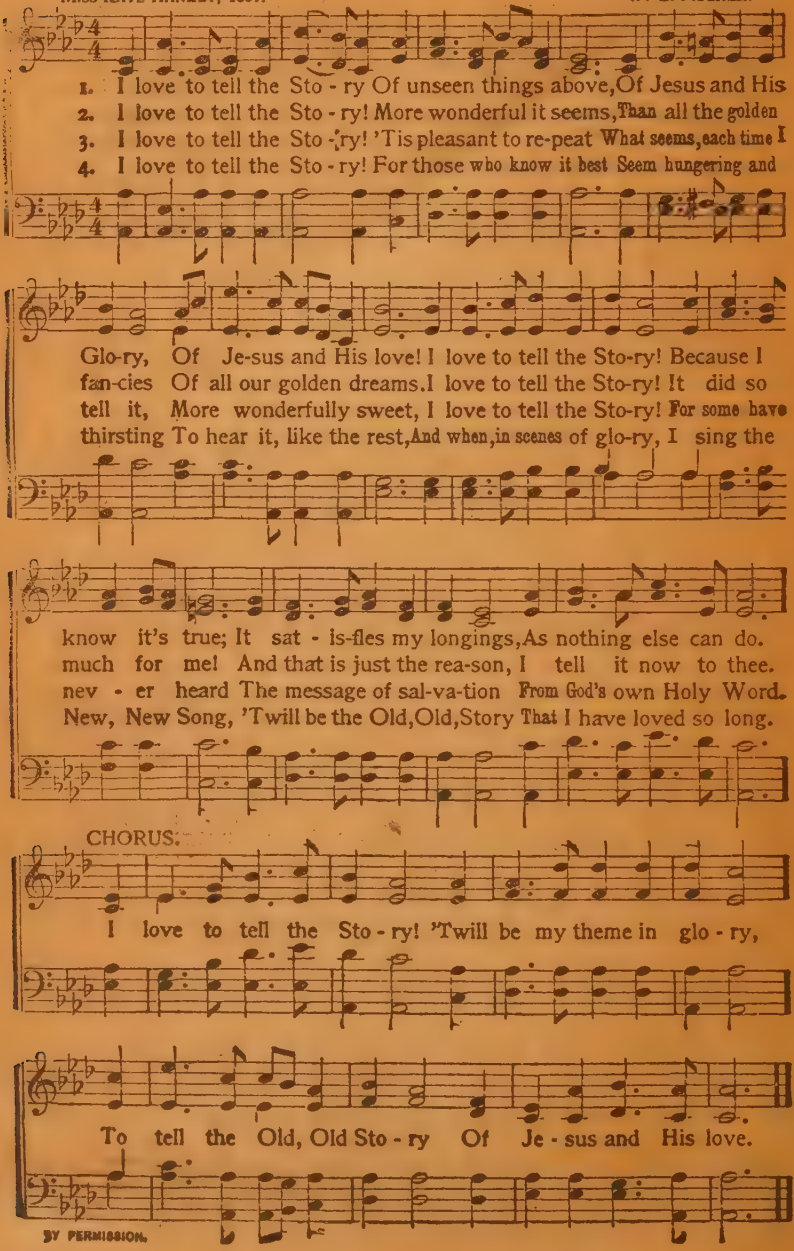
I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867. W. G. FISCHER.


1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and
Glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love! I love to tell the Sto-ry! Because I
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto-ry! It did so
tell it, More wonderfully sweet, I love to tell the Sto-ry! For some have
thirsting To hear it, like the rest, And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the
know it's true; It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
much for me! And that is just the rea-son, I tell it now to thee.
nev - er heard The message of sal-va-tion From God's own Holy Word.
New, New Song, 'Twill be the Old, Old, Story That I have loved so long.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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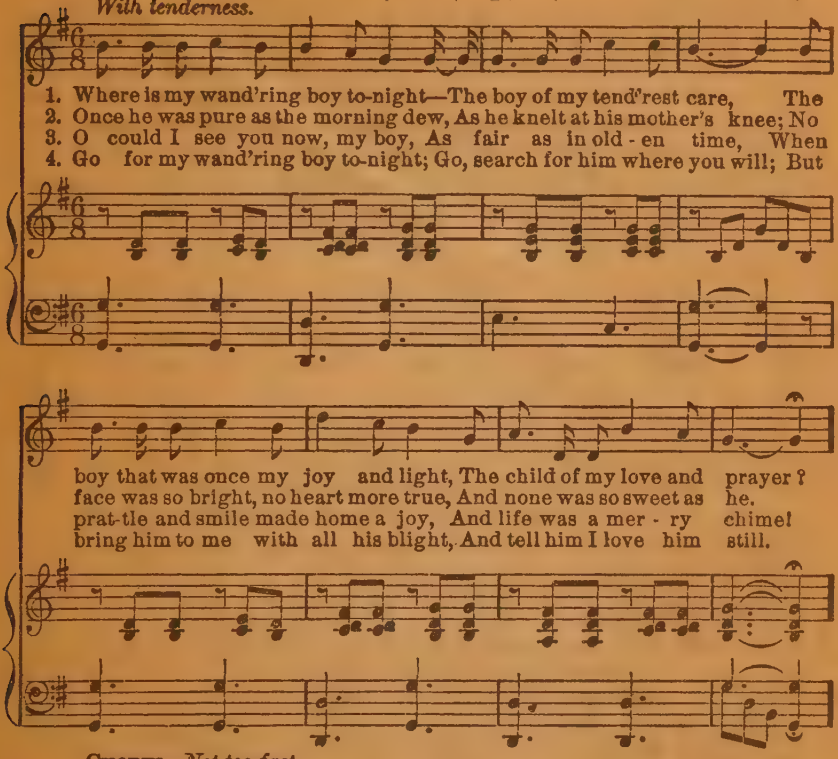
Where is My Boy To-night?

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. 10: 1.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as the morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.
Chorus. *Not too fast.*
O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night? My
heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to-night?

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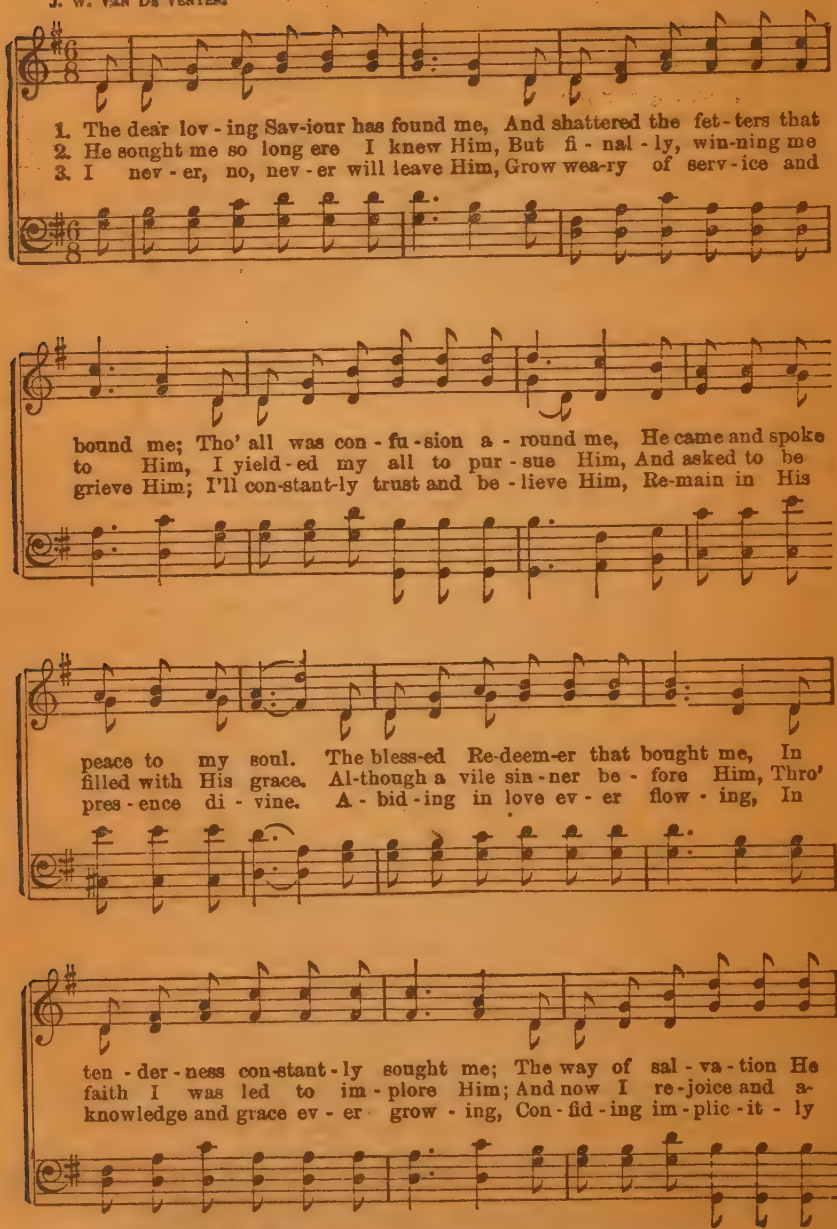
He Saves Me.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.


1. The dear lov - ing Sav-iour has found me, And shattered the fet - ters that bound me; Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spoke
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly, win-ning me to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of serv - ice and grieve Him; I'll con-stant-ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re-main in His
peace to my soul. The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In
filled with His grace. Al-though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
pres - ence di - vine. A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In
ten - der - ness con-stant - ly sought me; The way of sal - va - tion He
faith I was led to im - plore Him; And now I re - joice and a-
knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly

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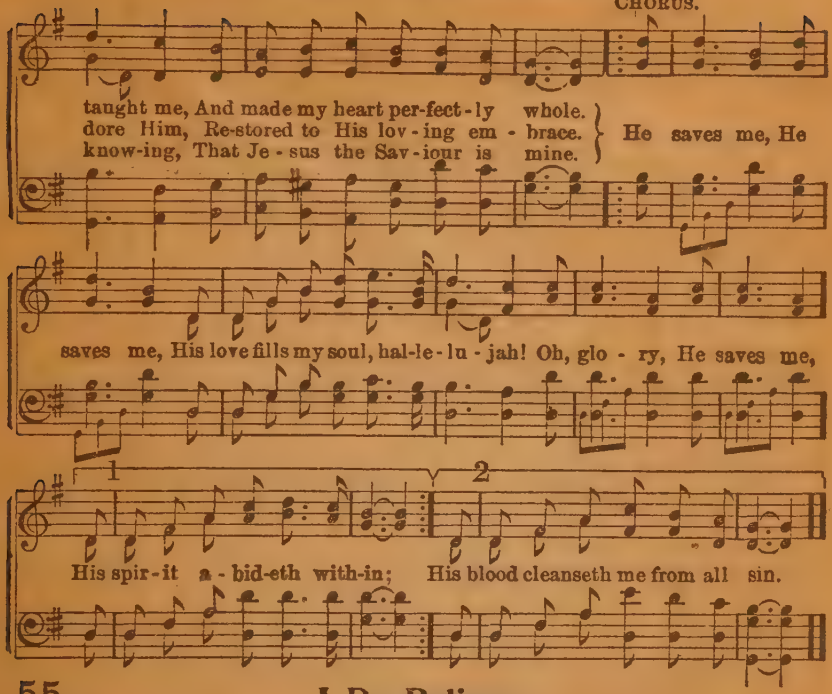
He Saves Me—Concluded.

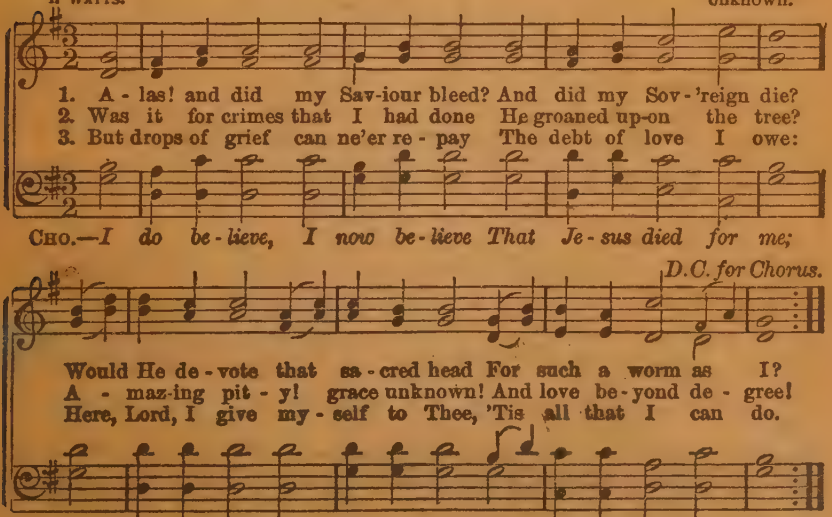
CHORUS.


taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
dore Him, Re-stored to His lov-ing em-brace.
know-ing, That Je-sus the Sav-iour is mine.
He saves me, He
saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu-jah! Oh, glo-ry, He saves me,
1
2
His spir-it a-bid-eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

55

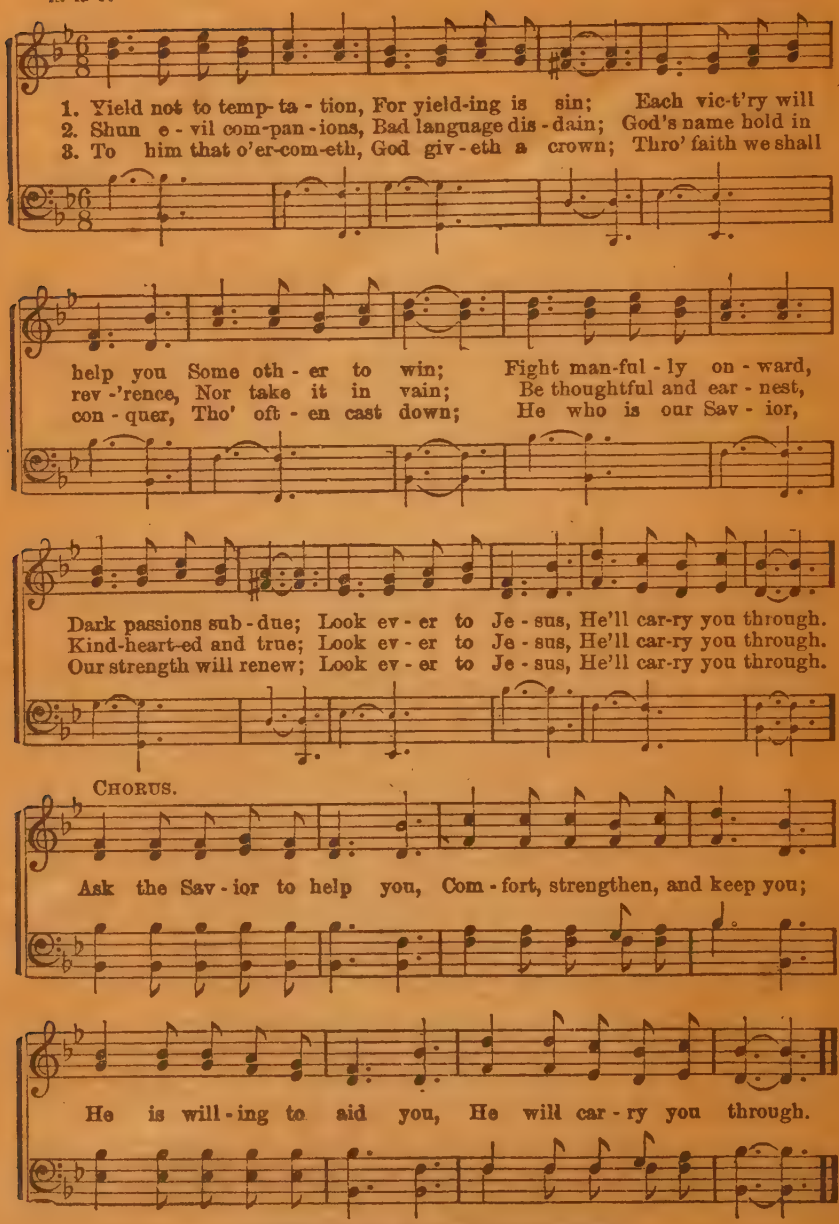
I Do Believe.

I. WATTS. Unknown.


1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:
CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;
D.C. for Chorus.
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark passions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will renew; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

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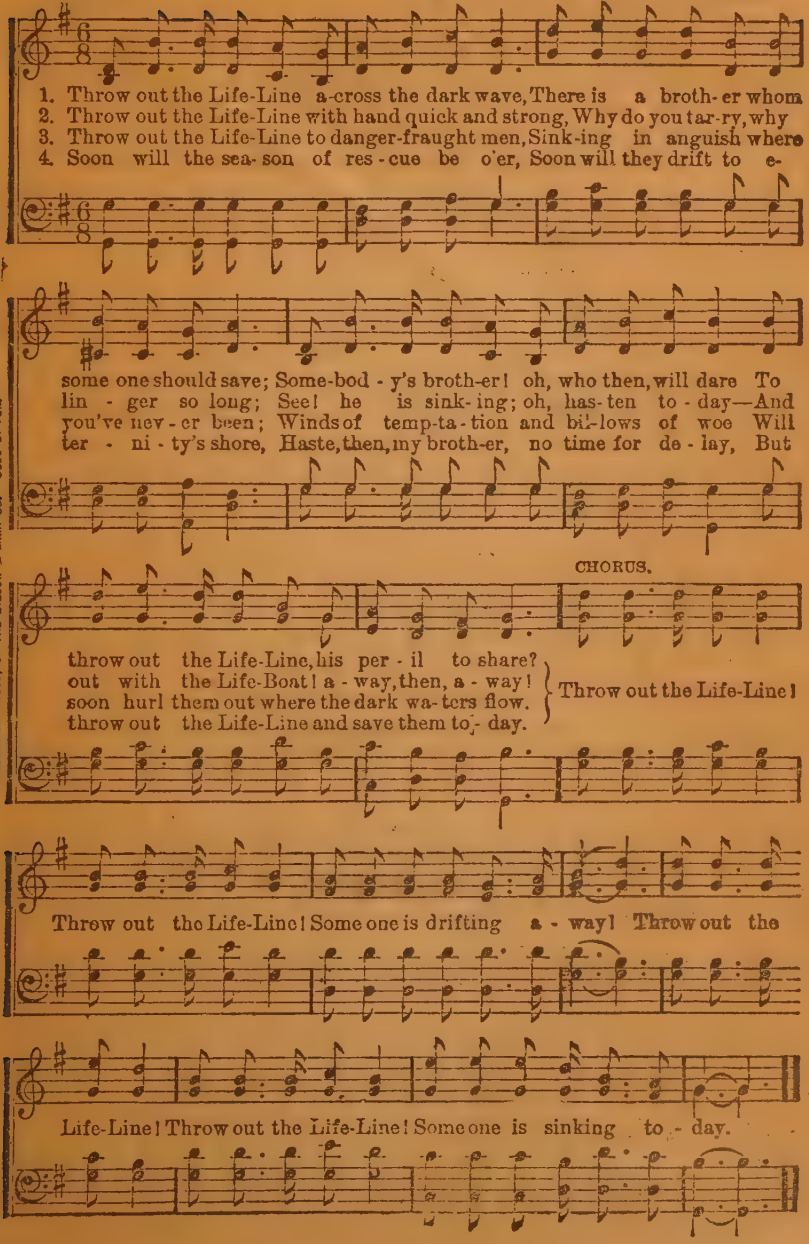
Throw Out the Life-Line!

E. S. U. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
lin-ger so long; See! he is sink-ing; oh, has-ten to-day—And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But
CHORUS.
throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a-way! Throw out the
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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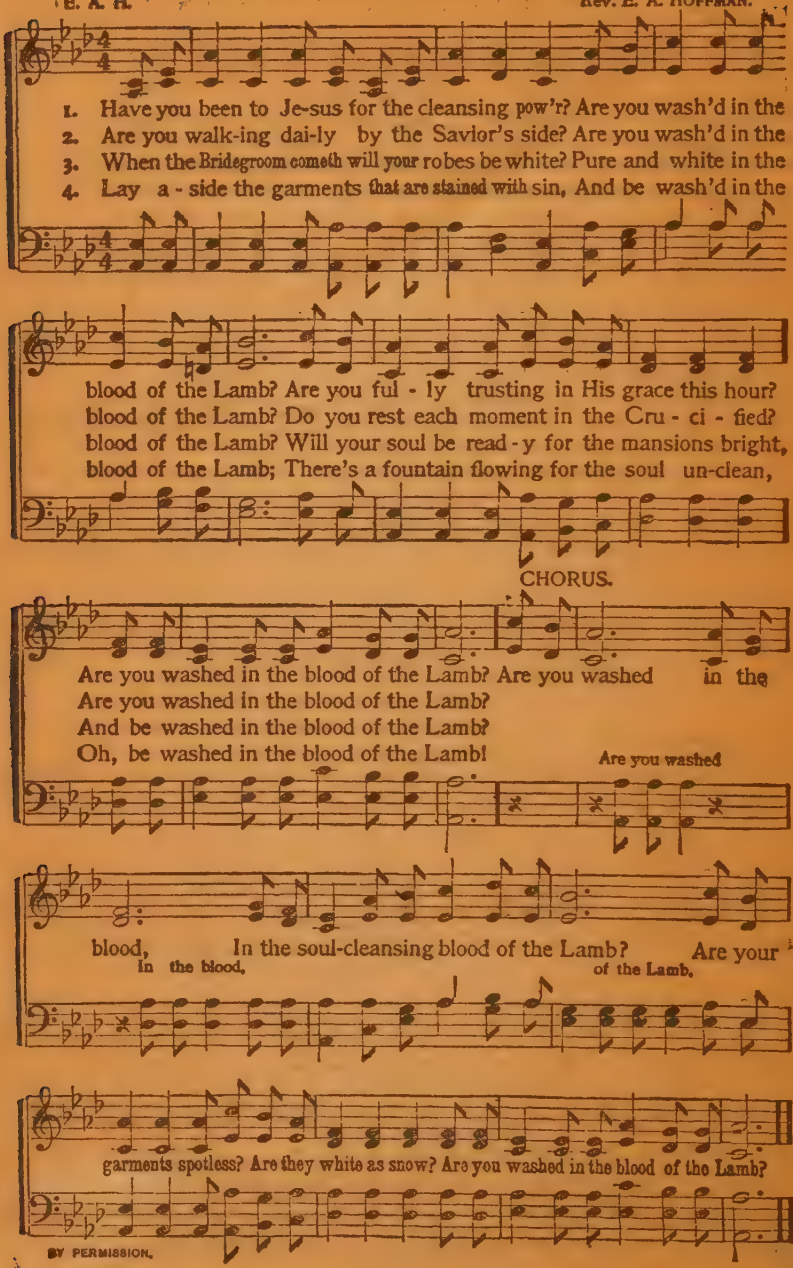
Are You Washed in the Blood?

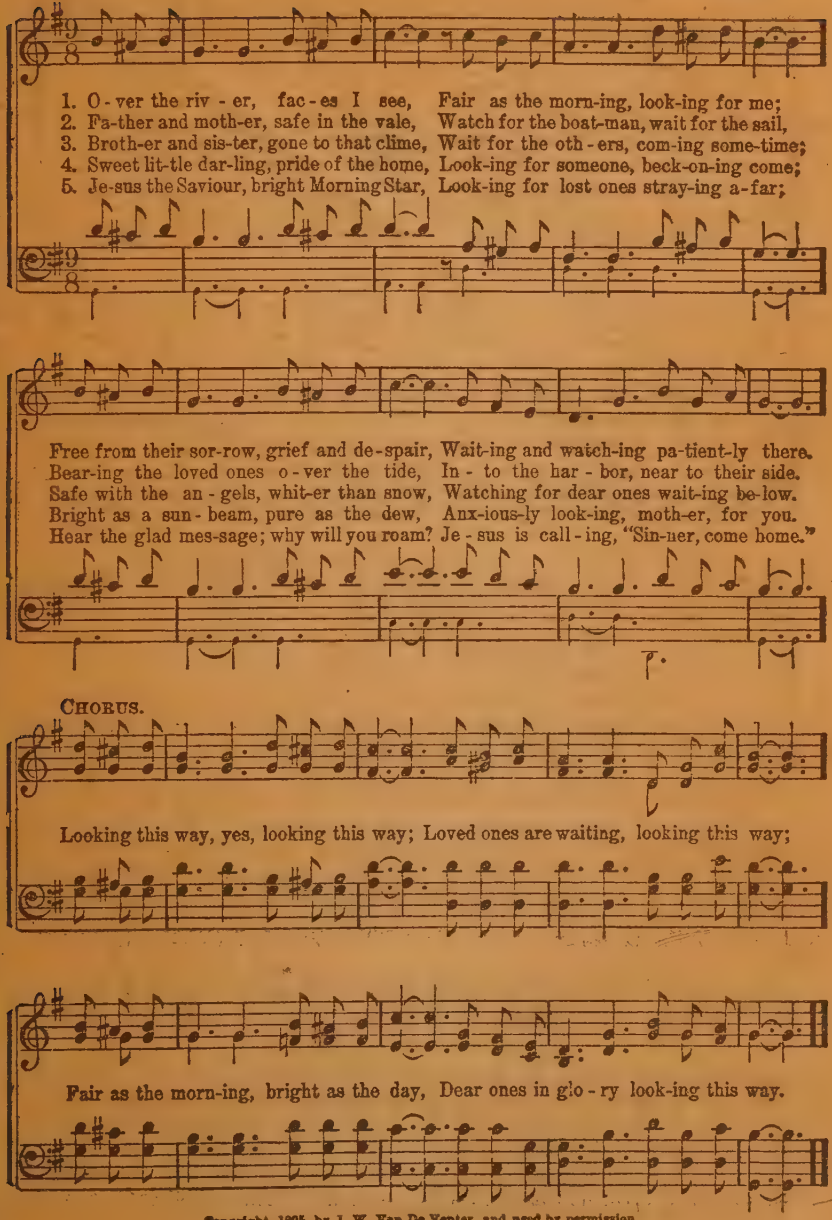
E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.


1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Savior's side? Are you wash'd in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour?
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright,
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean,
CHORUS.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
Are you washed
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
In the blood, of the Lamb,
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

BY PERMISSION.

Looking This Way.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.


1. O - ver the riv - er, fac - es I see, Fair as the morn-ing, look-ing for me;
2. Fa-ther and moth-er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man, wait for the sail,
3. Broth-er and sis-ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers, com-ing some-time;
4. Sweet lit-tle dar-ling, pride of the home, Look-ing for someone, beck-on-ing come;
5. Je-sus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones stray-ing a-far;
Free from their sor-row, grief and de-spair, Wait-ing and watch-ing pa-tient-ly there.
Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide, In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Safe with the an - gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for dear ones wait-ing be-low.
Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx-ious-ly look-ing, moth-er, for you.
Hear the glad mes-sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin-ner, come home."
CHORUS.
Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look-ing this way.

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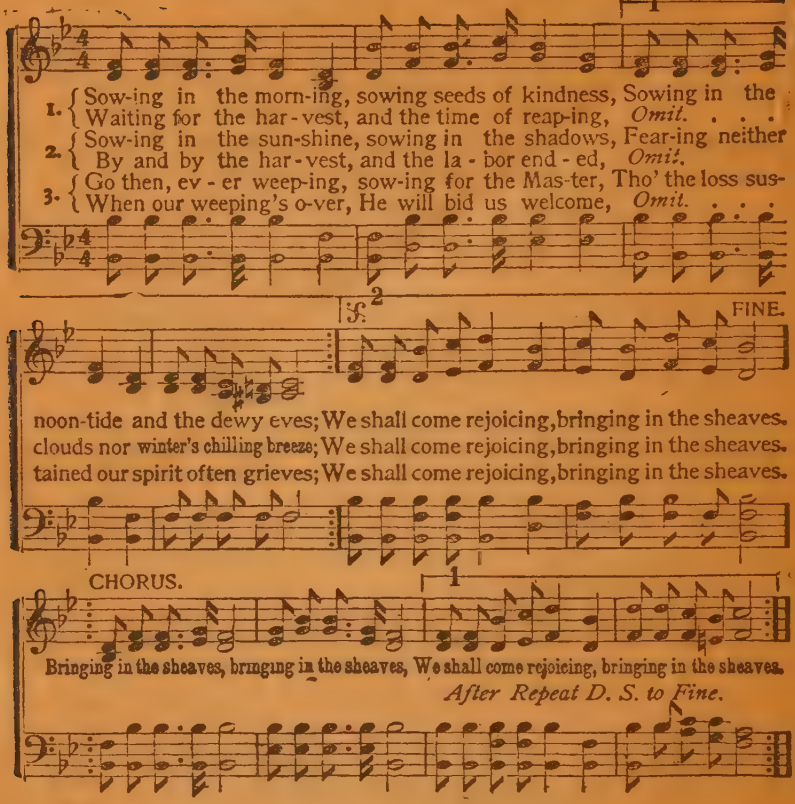
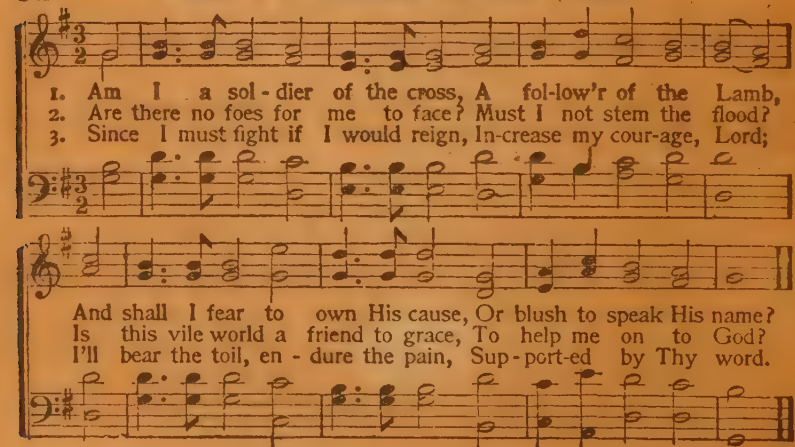
60 Bringing in the Sheaves.

GEO. A. MOR.

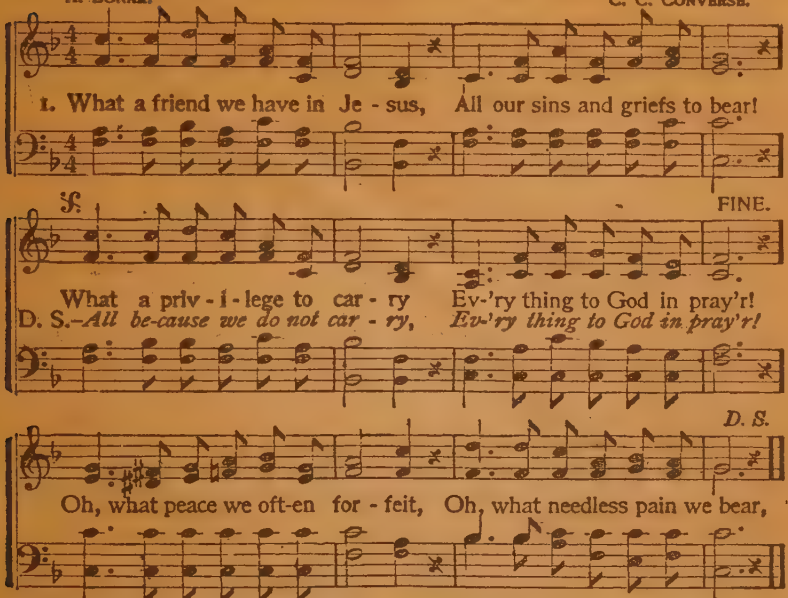

1
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, Omit. . . .
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither
By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, Omit.
3. Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, Omit. . . .
2
FINE.
noon-tide and the dewy eves; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
tained our spirit often grieves; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
1
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
After Repeat D. S. to Fine.

61 Am I a Soldier of the Cross.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

62 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. BOKAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

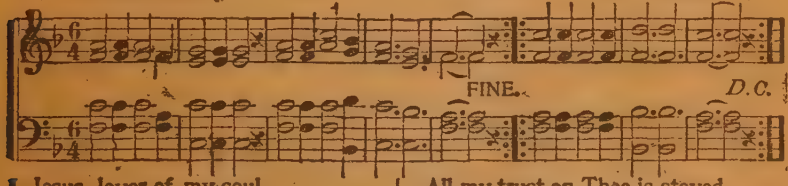

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.
Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

63 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune.*—MARTYN. 7s.

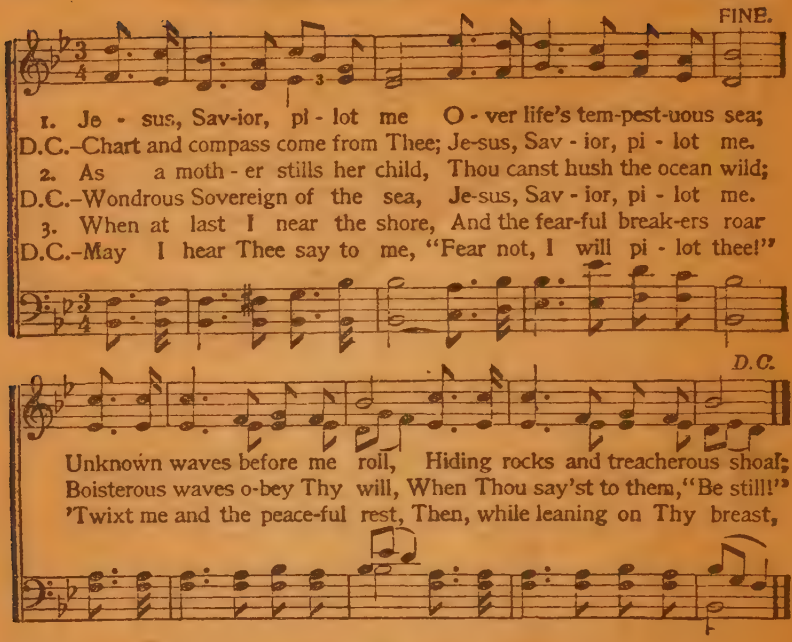


1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

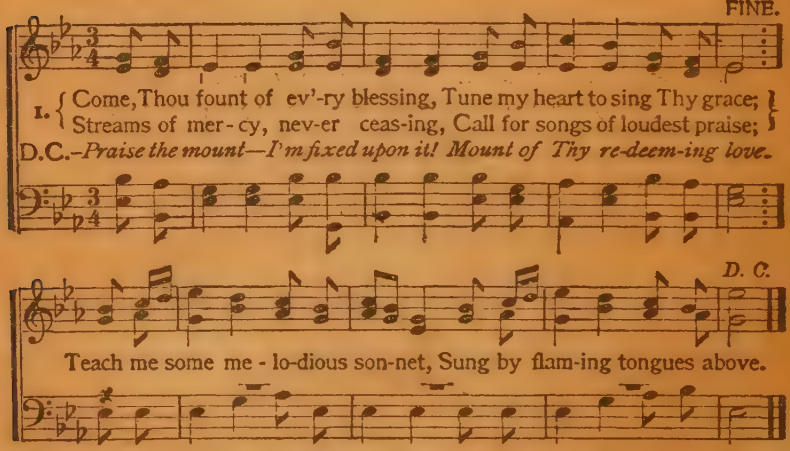
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

64 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me. J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D.C.–Chart and compass come from Thee; Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
D.C.–Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar
D.C.–May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D.C.
Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

65 Come Thou Fount.

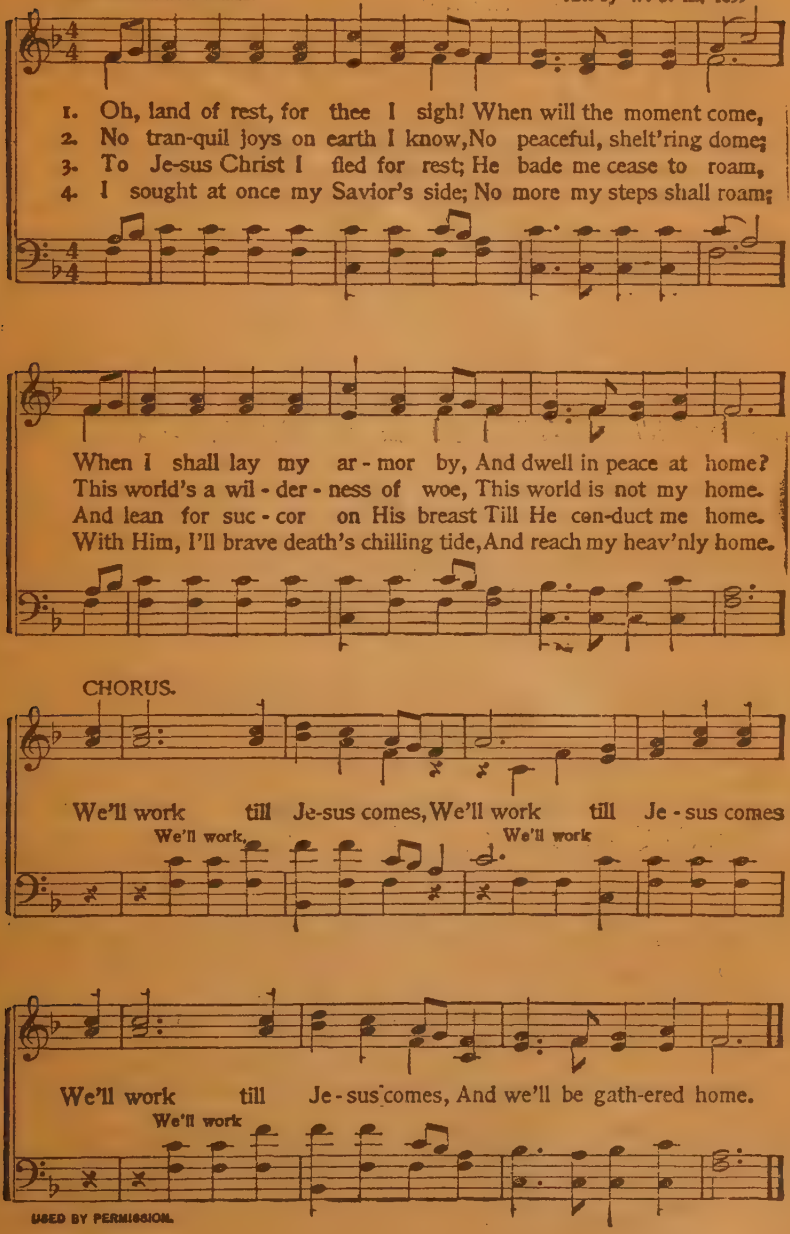

FINE.
1. Come, Thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
D.C.–*Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.*
D. C.
Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues above.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER,
Arr. by W. J. K., 1859

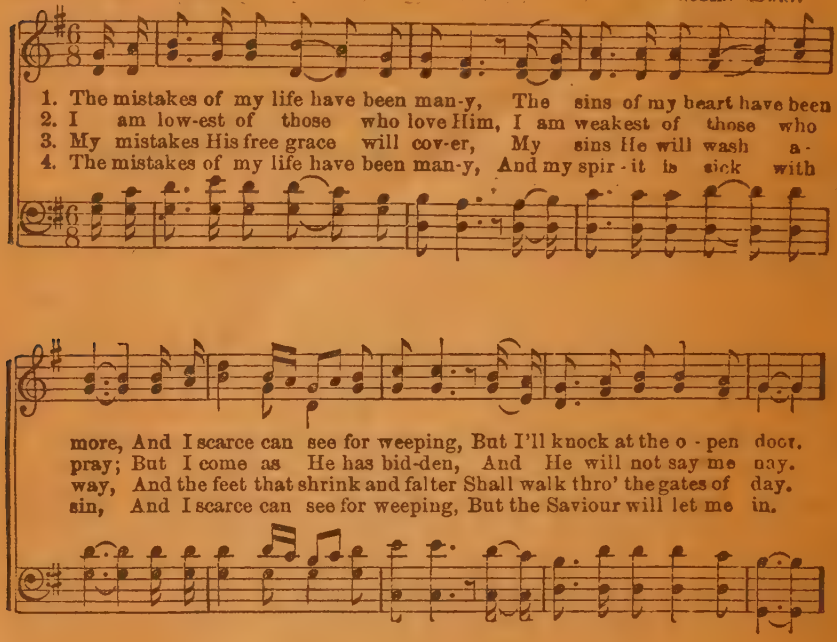

1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Savior's side; No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him, I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.
CHORUS.
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes
We'll work.
We'll work
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work

USED BY PERMISSION.

The Mistakes of My Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev 3: 8.

MRS. URANIA L. BAILEY. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. The mistakes of my life have been man-y, The sins of my heart have been
2. I am low-est of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov-er, My sins He will wash a-
4. The mistakes of my life have been man-y, And my spir-it is sick with
more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.
pray; But I come as He has bid-den, And He will not say me nay.
way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.
CHORUS.
I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.

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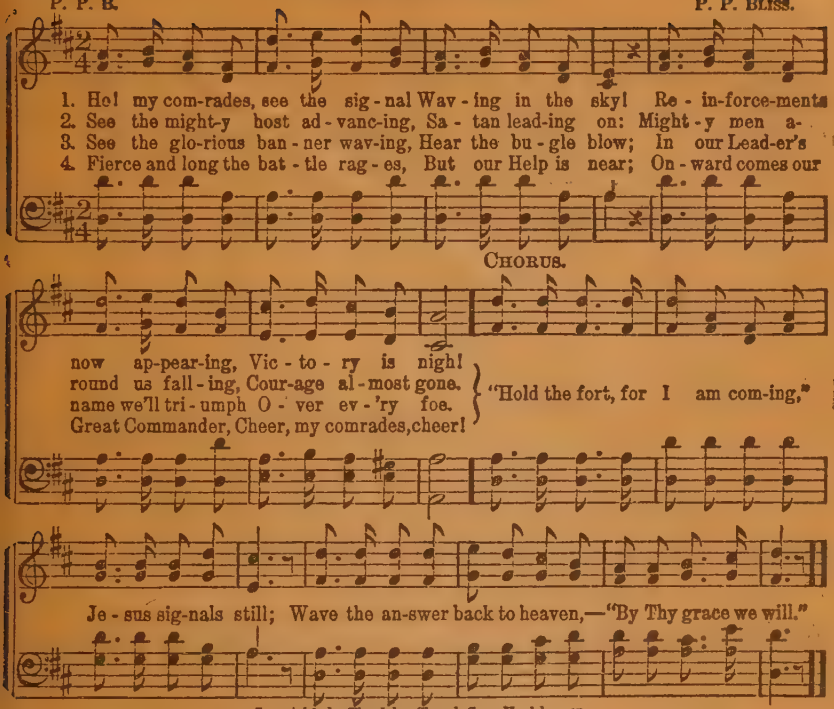
68 Hold the Fort.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Ho! my com-rades, see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-in-force-ments
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on: Might-y men a-
3. See the glo-rious ban-ner wav-ing, Hear the bu-gle blow; In our Lead-er's
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our Help is near; On-ward comes our
CHORUS.
now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh!
round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone.
name we'll tri-umph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
Great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing,"
Je-sus sig-nals still; Wave the an-swer back to heaven,—"By Thy grace we will."

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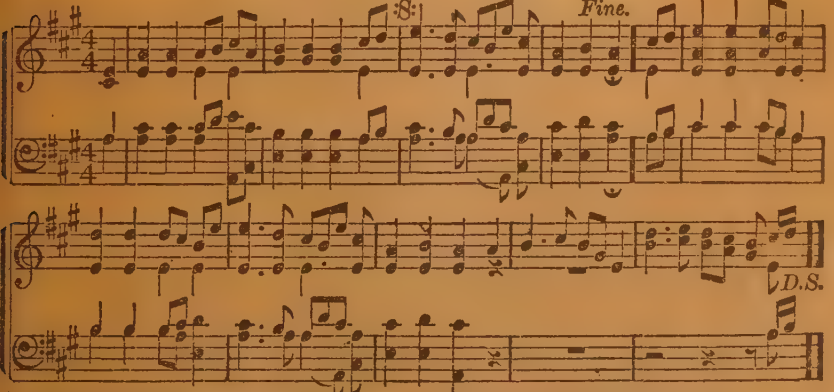
69 Awake, My Soul.



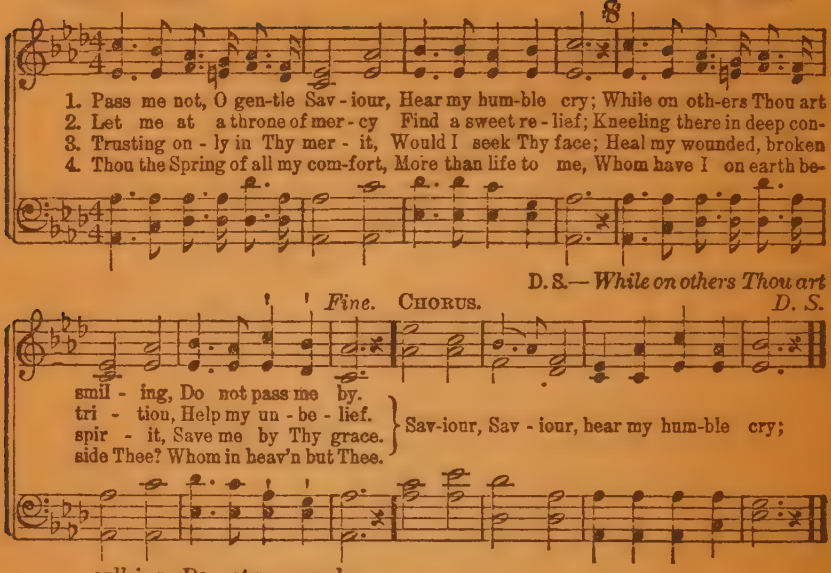
1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

70 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


8
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers Thou art
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneeling there in deep con-
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, broken
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on earth be-
D. S.— While on others Thou art
D. S.
Fine. CHORUS.
smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.
Sav-iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum-ble cry;
call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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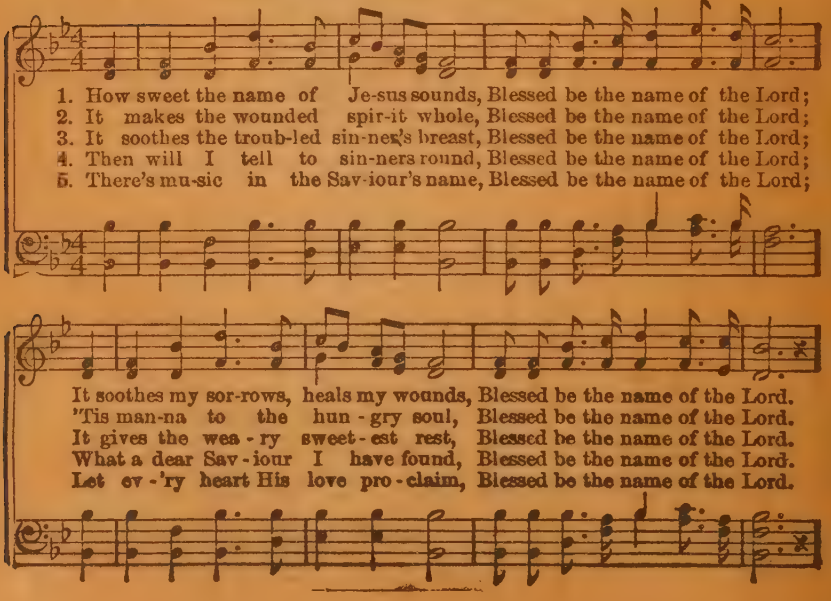
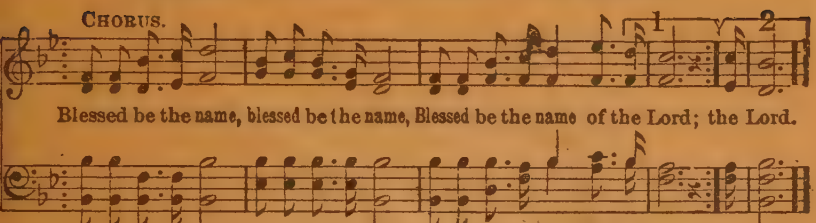
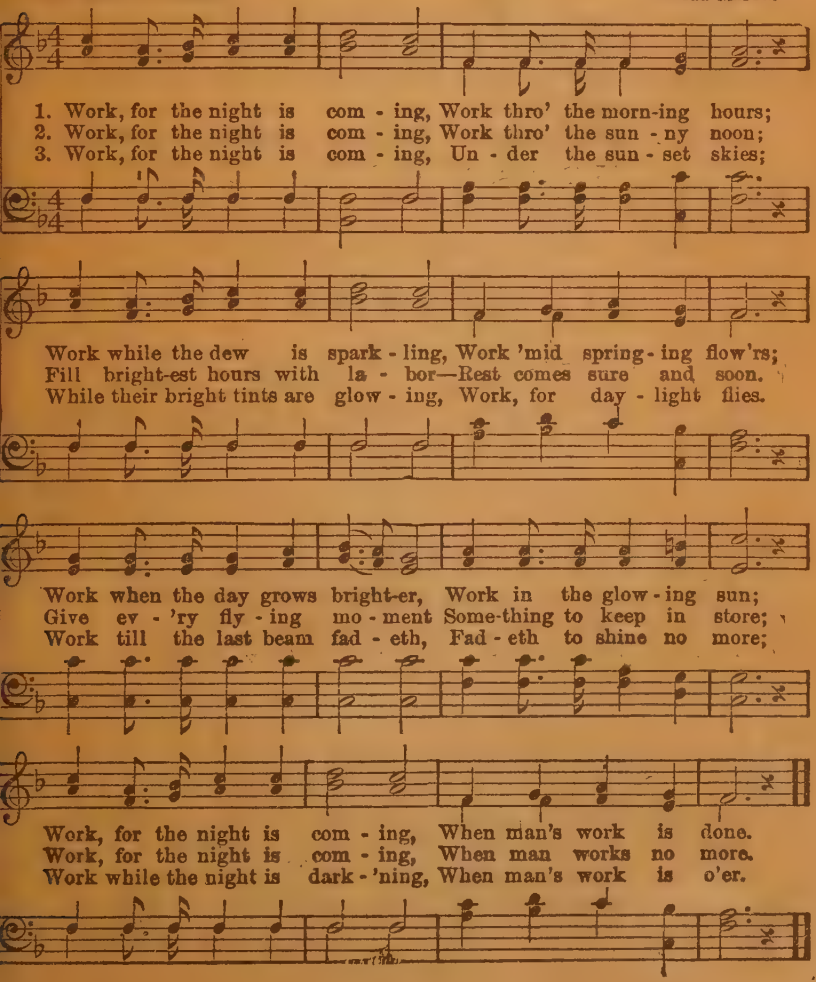
71 Blessed be the Name.


1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sin-ner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu-sic in the Sav-iour's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
It soothes my sor-rows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man-na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
It gives the wea - ry sweet - est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav - iour I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Let ev - 'ry heart His love pro - claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

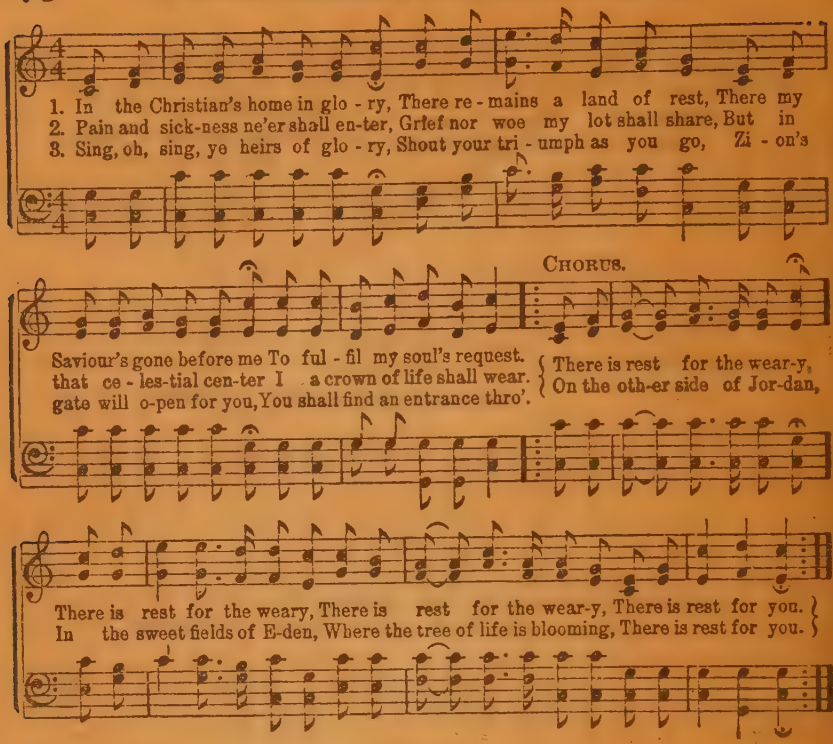
Blessed be the Name—Concluded.



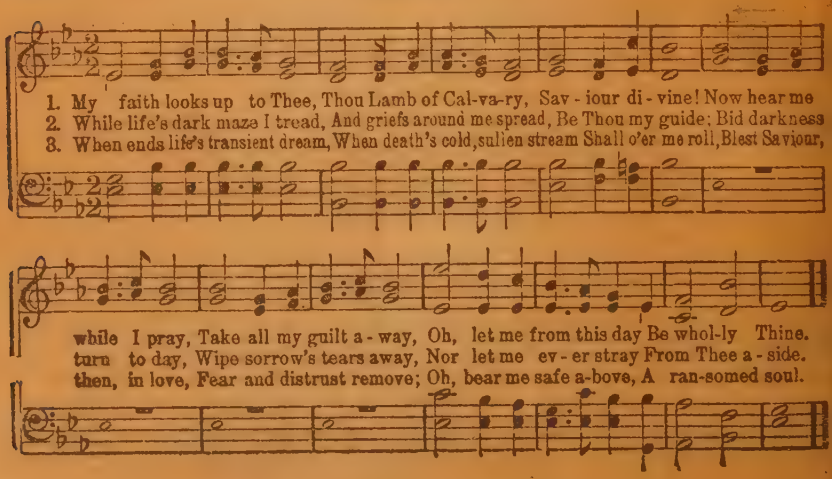
72 Work, for the Night is Coming.

MRS. ANNA L. COGHILL. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor—Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.
Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mo - ment Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

73 In the Christian's Home In Glory.


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest, There my
2. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share, But in
3. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go, Zi - on's
CHORUS.
Saviour's gone before me To ful - fil my soul's request.
that ce - les-tial cen-ter I a crown of life shall wear.
gate will o-pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro'.
There is rest for the wear-y,
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan,
There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for you.
In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

74 Olivet.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
3. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Pass - ing from
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for

you and for me; See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watching,
you and for me? Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer - cies,
you and from me; Shad-ows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are com - ing,
you and for me; Tho' we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par - don,

CHORUS. *m*

Watching for you and for me. Come home,.... come home,....
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,

Cres. *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest-ly, ten - der - ly,

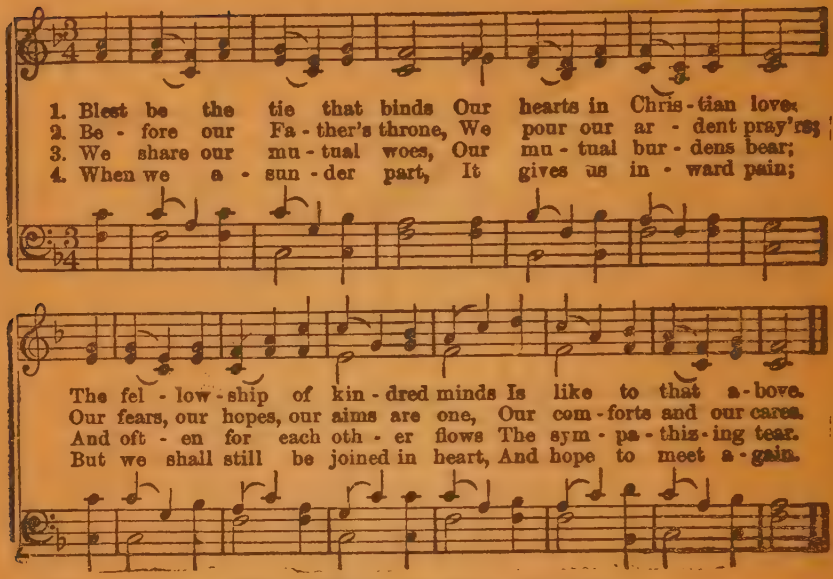
Rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

By per. of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Home Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

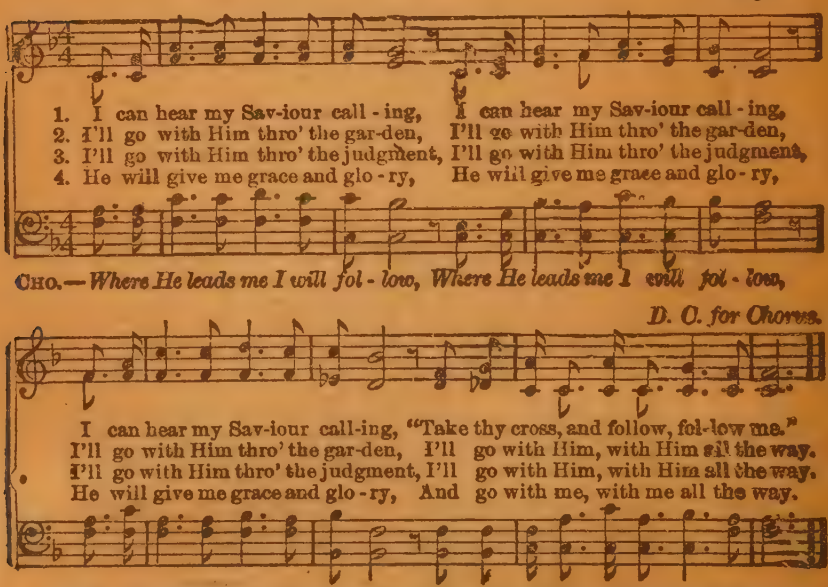
76 Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS GEORG NAEGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

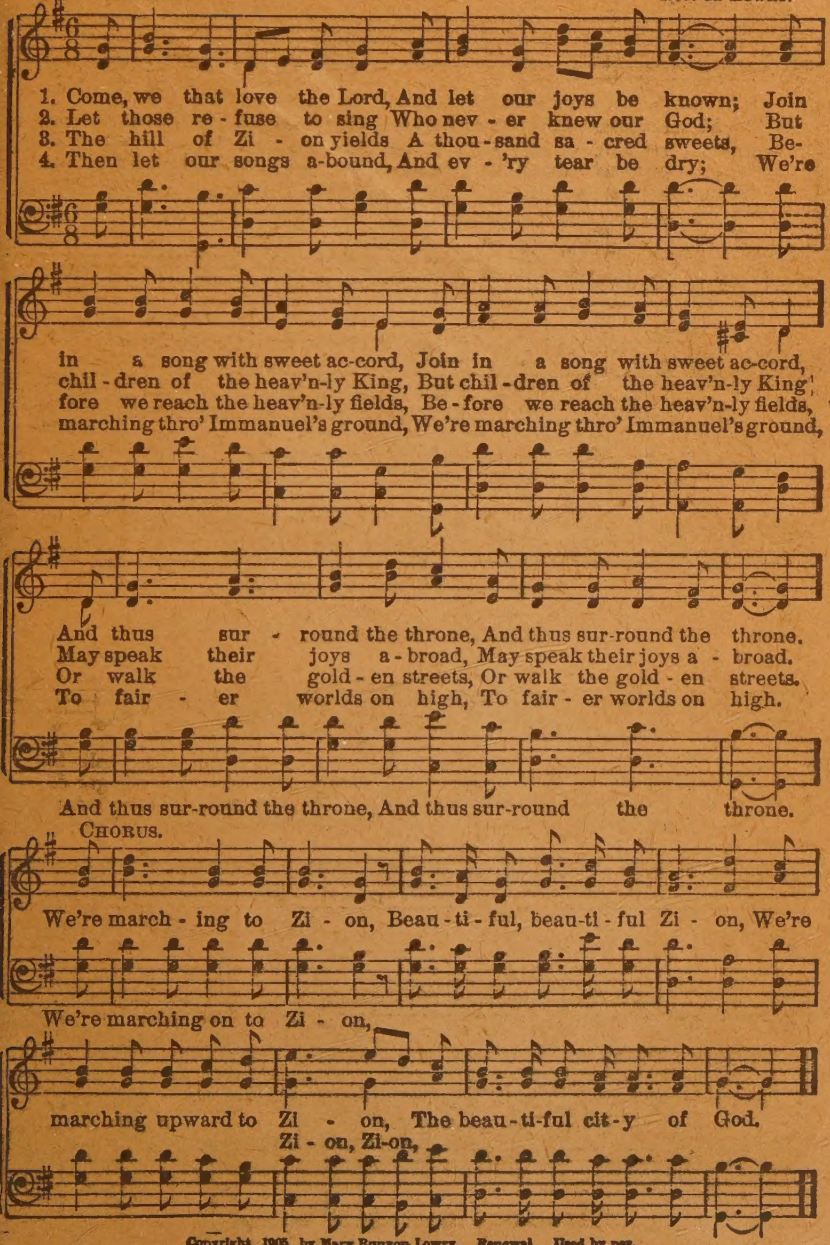
77 The Way to the Cross.

Arranged.


1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
D. C. for Chorus.
I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross, and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
Chorus.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on, We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti-ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi-on,

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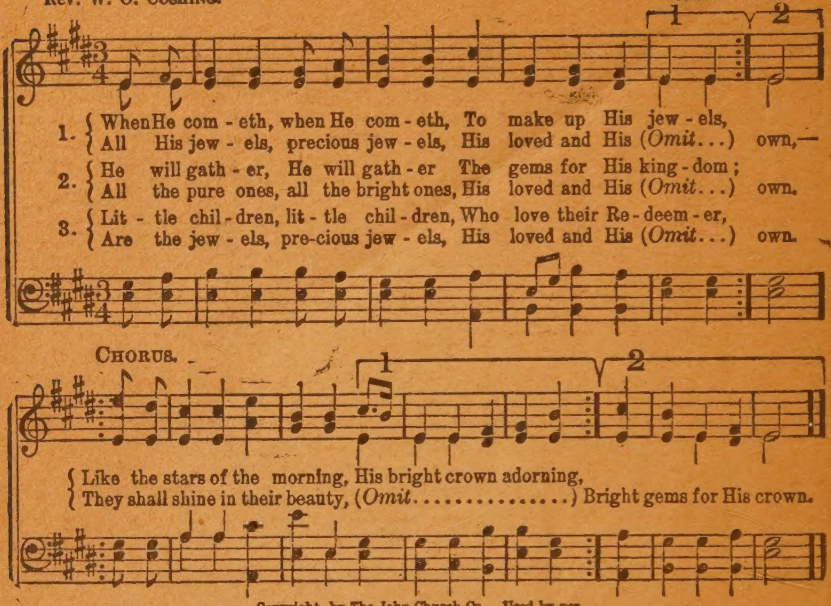
79 Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His jew - els,
All His jew - els, precious jew - els, His loved and His (Omit...) own,—
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His (Omit...) own.
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,
Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His (Omit...) own.
Chorus.
Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty, (Omit.....) Bright gems for His crown.

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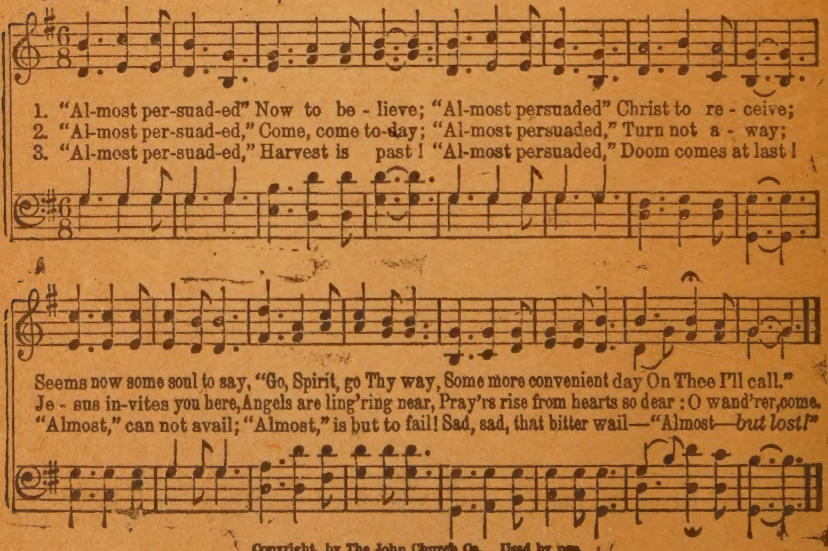
80 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al-most persuaded" Christ to re - ceive;
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Come, come to-day; "Al-most persuaded," Turn not a - way;
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Harvest is past! "Al-most persuaded," Doom comes at last!
Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call."
Je - sus in-vites you here, Angels are ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wand'rer, come.
"Almost," can not avail; "Almost," is but to fail! Sad, sad, that bitter wail—"Almost—but lost!"

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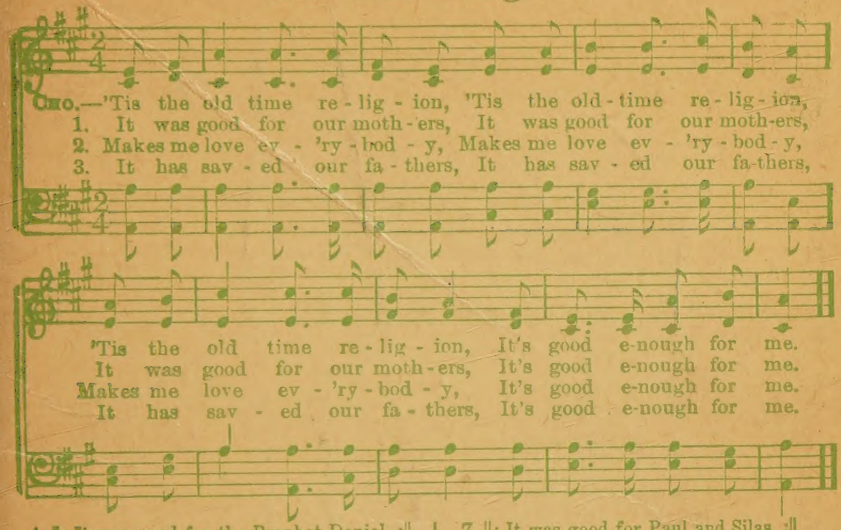
81 "Old Time Religion."


CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old-time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
2. Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y,
3. It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It has sav-ed our fa-thers,
'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, It's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers, It's good e-nough for me.
Makes me love ev-'ry-bod-y, It's good e-nough for me.
It has sav-ed our fa-thers, It's good e-nough for me.

4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It's good enough for me.

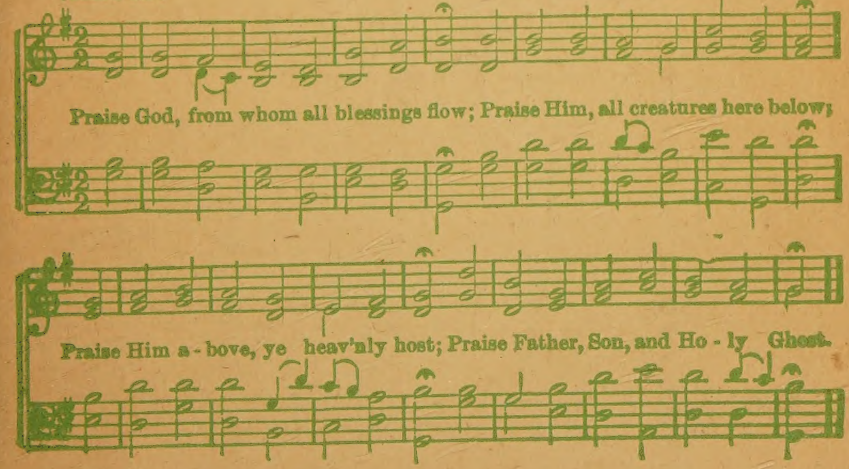
7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It's good enough for me.

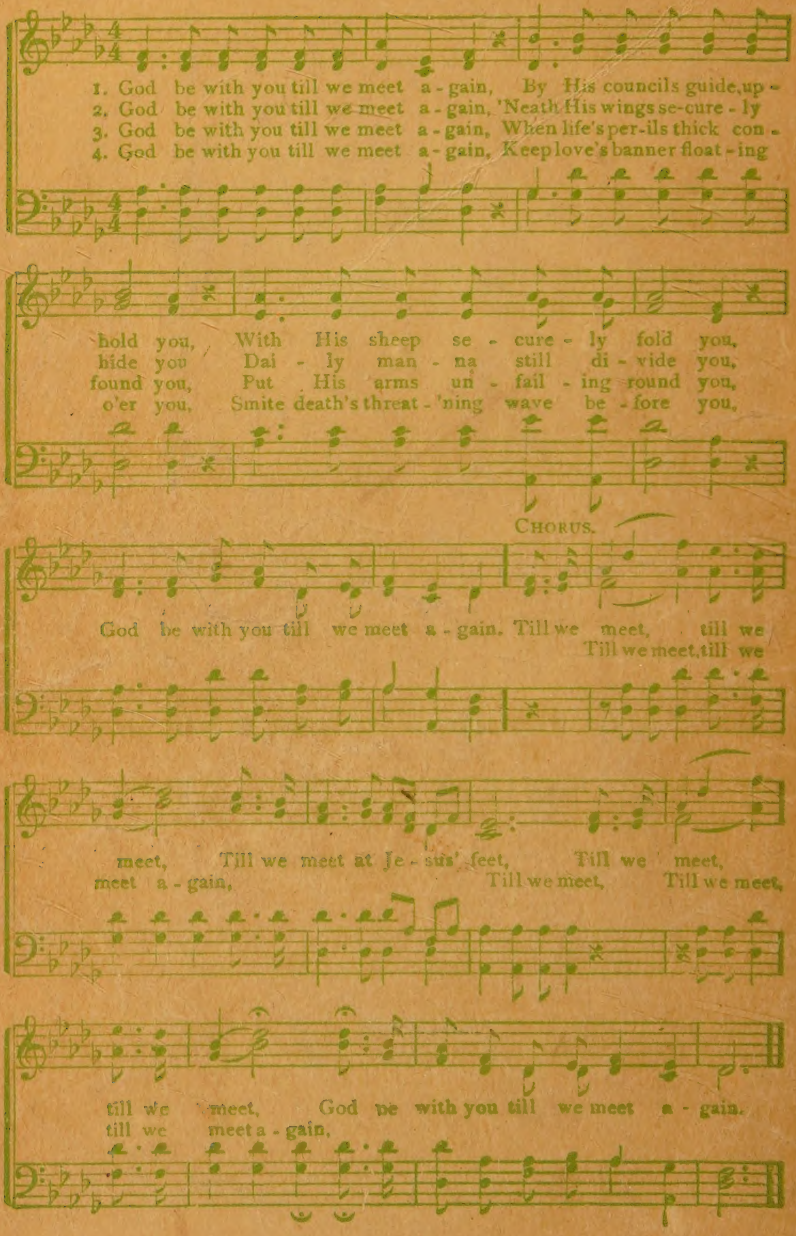
9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It's good enough for me.

82 Praise God.

THOMAS KEN. TUNE: OLD HUNDRED.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His councils guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con -
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float - ing
hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat - 'ning wave be - fore you,
CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
Till we meet, till we
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,
meet a - gain, Till we meet, Till we meet,
till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet a - gain.